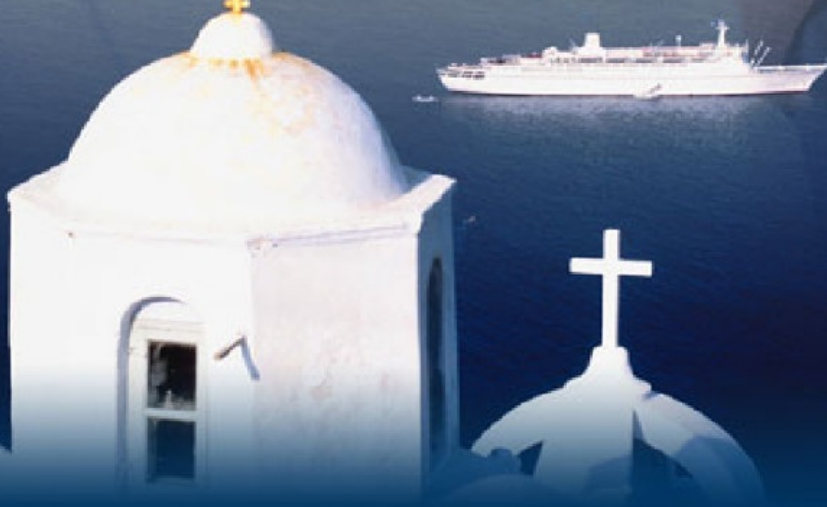
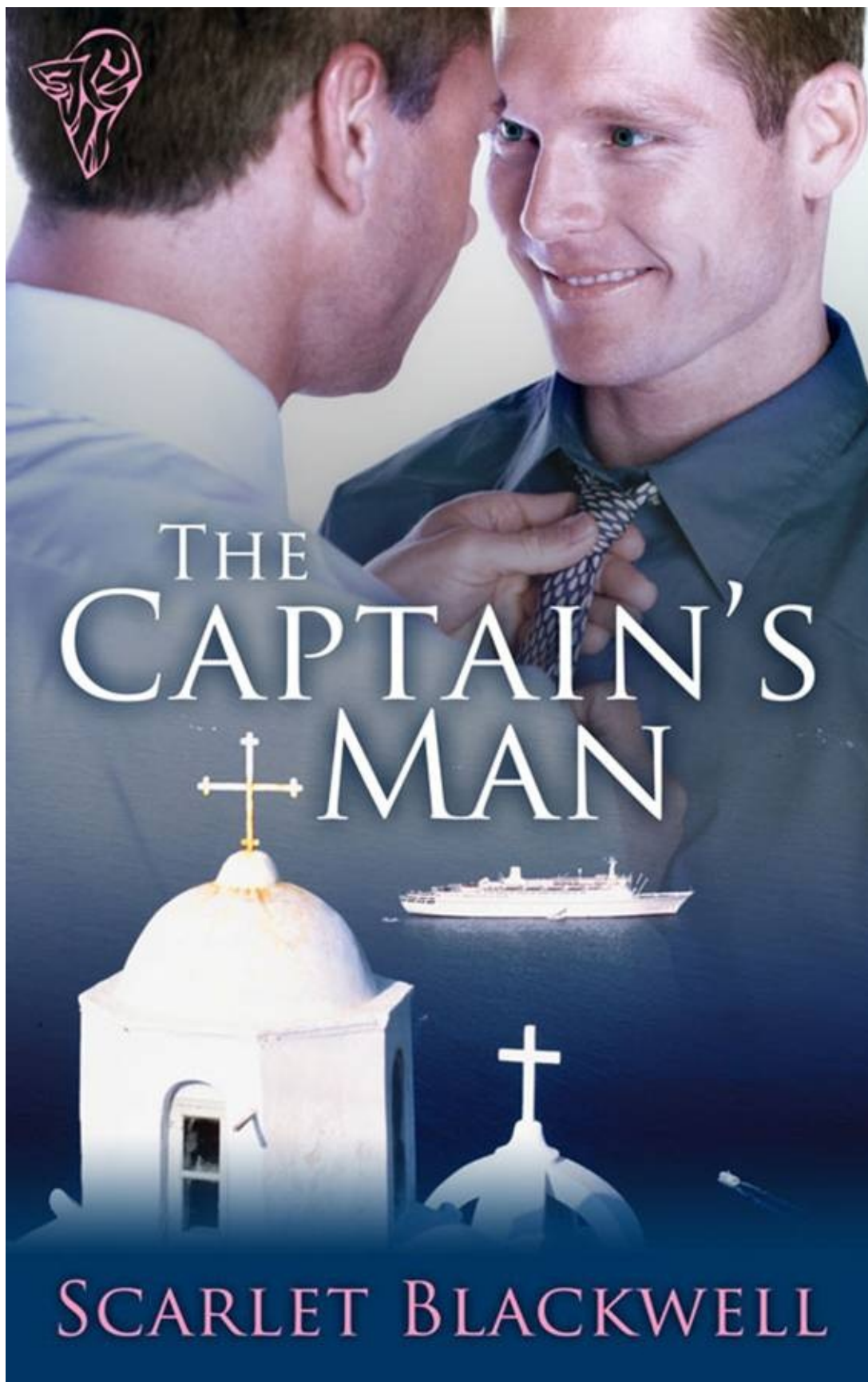




THE CAPTAIN'S + MAN



SCARLET BLACKWELL



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The Captain's Man

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-melting*.

THE CAPTAIN'S MAN

Scarlet Blackwell

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Chapter One

Moonlight and the lights of Rhodes Town shone on the ink black water. Waves lapped gently against the side of the ship. Distant music swelled and ebbed from the dining room.

Joshua Addison had never felt more alone.

He'd had a partner when he'd won this two-week cruise around the Mediterranean six months ago, shortly before Drew had left him for another man. Now Josh was here alone thousands of miles from home. He'd flown to meet the cruise liner on the island of Rhodes, boarded, walked around his first-class cabin, then come out on to the private balcony. He'd been aboard approximately ten minutes and already felt like hurling himself into the ocean.

A sudden cry split his self-pitying reverie.

"Shit, what are you doing, Freddie? Why are you using your teeth? Christ!"

Josh's glance jerked sideways. He gazed across the wall separating his balcony from his neighbours', squinting at two shapes in the dark.

There was a man on his knees being held by the hair by a man on his feet.

"Sorry, I've got cramp in my leg. Fuck..." The man on his knees shook one leg out behind him violently.

"Jesus, you nearly bit my dick off."

Josh's face heated with blood and he tried to sink back into the shadows in case his neighbours thought he was a Peeping Tom.

It was too late.

"Shit," cursed the man on his feet, fumbling at his pants while his partner lurched up.

The man giving the public sexual favour stepped towards the wall with a cheeky grin. Of small stature and thin, with dark hair, he was dressed smartly for dinner, even if his shirt was luminous pink. "Hi, you must be our neighbour. We were just"—he coughed "christening the place." He held out his hand.

Josh regarded it dubiously before shaking. "Josh Addison."

"I'm Freddie Booth, this is Erik Dalby."

Freddie's partner approached the wall. Taller, with red hair and a nice smile, he put his arm around Freddie's waist. "Sorry we disturbed you."

Josh was more embarrassed than his exhibitionist neighbours. He mumbled something appropriate.

“Who’re you here with?” Erik asked.

“No one.” Josh glanced back towards the safety of his cabin, desperate to closet himself inside.

“Why not?” Freddie asked boldly.

Josh glared at him. “Because I’m sad and lonely and have no friends.” He stalked back to his cabin and slammed the door.

* * * *

Music woke Josh, together with laughing and shouting. Bright sunshine streamed through the curtains. The ship had yet to get underway and was still docked at Rhodes. He stretched and turned over in bed, listening with irritation to the racket outside for a few seconds before he got up and walked into the lounge area of the cabin to pull back the curtain at the window.

It was his exhibitionist neighbours of course, and they seemed to be dancing a particularly erotic tango wearing nothing but a pair of Speedos each.

Josh stared. Erik had Freddie around the waist with one arm, one thigh thrust between his as he marched him backwards, dropped him and caught him before he leaned over to press a kiss to his lips as Freddie shrieked in delight.

Josh let the curtain fall back. Jesus Christ, was this what he could look forward to for the next two weeks—Erik and Freddie rubbing his face in his loneliness at every opportunity? He hated them both.

A shower didn’t help his sour mood, nor did a glance at his watch that told him he’d missed breakfast. Cursing, he pulled on linen shorts and a T-shirt, and then left the cabin to seek out the dining room with the hope of getting a snack.

He was soon lost on the vast ship. He hadn’t put on suntan lotion and the mid-morning sun was already hot enough to burn. Hot and perspiring, he cursed his way around the cruise liner, his bad temper growing and his stomach growling.

I want to go home. I want to go back to Alaska where it’s cold and I can hide away.

He finally made it to the enormous dining room only to be confronted by a closed sign on the glass door with the time for lunch, which was two hours away.

Josh sighed. He caught sight of a woman in uniform within and pushed open the door. “Hi there, I missed breakfast and wondered if I could get—”

“We’re closed, sir.” The woman didn’t pause in polishing the cutlery.

“I know that but—”

“We open at twelve for lunch.”

“Yes, I know, but if I could just—”

“I’m sorry, sir.”

“Come on.” Josh’s frustration boiled and his stomach complained. The woman turned away, disappearing into the kitchen. “God damn it.” Josh swung around to bump into a man standing behind him.

He was about thirty-five and tall, at least six-foot-two and solid, his chest and shoulders broad. He had short, jet black hair and a lightly tanned complexion. His eyes were an unusual shade of grey with hints of amethyst, and his full mouth was sarcastic and sensual. He carried a haughty expression, and he wore a white uniform with gold buttons and epaulets, holding a hat under one arm.

Josh presumed him to be a crew member and disliked him on sight despite his obvious physical attributes.

“What sort of show are you running here anyway?”

The man arched a sardonic brow. “Excuse me?” He was a fellow American.

“I can’t get anything to eat. I’ve had nothing since the plane last night.”

“Is that so?” The man seemed coolly amused. His sarcastic mouth twitched.

“Yes, I missed breakfast—”

“Perhaps you should get up earlier?”

“Excuse me?”

“I said—”

“I heard what you said. Are you always so rude to the passengers?”

“Only the spoilt, demanding ones.”

Josh stared. He was almost incandescent with anger. “I’m going to speak to your captain right now and maybe he’ll feed me.”

An arrogant smirk curled the sensual mouth. “I’ll feed you.”

“Fine. Cabin twenty-five. Eggs, toast, coffee, juice. No meat.”

“You don’t eat meat? That’s a shame.” The man held steady eye contact.

In the silence, Josh felt the blood rise to his face. Had he heard right? That would be something else to complain to the captain about. That his rude first mate or whatever the hell he was went around making lewd and suggestive comments to passengers. He stalked past the man and left the dining room.

After only fifteen minutes, a knock came at his cabin door. Josh was only slightly calmer, but his blood surged once more as he swung open the door to be confronted with the same arrogant crew member.

The man had a silver trolley. He smiled coldly, the sunlight catching violet

sparks in his grey eyes.

“Sir,” he said, his tone mocking.

Biting his tongue, Josh stepped aside so the man could enter. He pushed the trolley into the centre of the room, then looked back at Josh expectantly.

“What?”

“Don’t I get a tip?”

If the man hadn’t been several inches taller than he and full of muscle, Josh probably would have hit him at that point.

“Tell me where I can find the captain,” he said through his teeth.

There was the arrogant smirk again. “Top deck, follow the signs for the bridge.”

“And your name?”

“Kessler.” The grey eyes were like ice now.

“Fine. Expect a complaint, Mr Kessler.”

“Can’t wait.” He turned and closed the door behind him.

Josh sat down to his belated breakfast. He removed the cover from his scrambled eggs and stared at the red rose lying on the side of his plate.

* * * *

The bridge was at the other end of the ship. Josh approached it with his anger slightly abated but still simmering. He stepped inside the bustling room and approached the first man in uniform he saw.

“I’m looking for the captain.”

“What’s it about?” the man asked. “He’s kind of busy right now. Perhaps I can—”

“I’d like to make a complaint.”

The man’s already ramrod-straight back stiffened. “He’s over there.” He gestured to the far side of the room.

A tall, broad-shouldered man in white stood by the window. Josh stepped forward. He had almost negotiated the distance between them when another man shouted across the room.

“Captain Kessler, phone call for you.”

Josh froze in his tracks. The man at the window turned around.

His sarcastic mouth widened into a dazzling grin, his teeth perfect. His eyes remained cold. “Well, hello there, Mr Addison, I hope you enjoyed your breakfast. Are you here to make your complaint?”

Josh hesitantly stepped closer, all composure gone. "You lied to me."

"Did I?"

"You didn't tell me you were the captain."

"You didn't ask."

Josh clenched one fist. "Who's your superior?"

"I don't have a superior at sea," the captain said mildly. "I'm in charge."

"And on shore?"

Captain Kessler's eyes were cold steel. "I'll have the contact details of my employer sent to you. There's Wi-Fi in your cabin. If you don't have a laptop, you're welcome to use mine to email them." He stared Josh down stonily.

Josh thought of the sardonic, demonically handsome captain bringing around his own personal laptop for him to make a complaint, and the idea of being alone with the man in his cabin was almost more than he could bear. His shorts tightened uncontrollably.

"That won't be necessary," he muttered and turned his back, almost fleeing. The captain had won and Josh had made a dick of himself.

* * * *

Erik and Freddie were having more fun on their private balcony. Erik had Freddie bent over the railing, seemingly with actual penetration taking place. Josh couldn't believe his eyes. Didn't these guys ever stop? Unfortunately, the grunts and moans combined with Josh's existing reluctant arousal conspired to heat his blood to boiling point.

Freddie glanced over his shoulder at that moment. "Hi, Josh, be right with you," he called.

Josh hovered, unsure what to do.

Erik bit Freddie on the neck, thrust him harder into the railings and came to a stop. Josh saw something spurt into the air and fall free over the ocean. Christ.

Freddie turned around, grinning, kissing his partner. Erik moved back and both men rearranged their clothes.

"How's it going, Josh? Sleep well?" Freddie asked.

Josh sighed. "I've had a terrible morning."

"Get your ass over here," Erik said. "We're having margaritas."

Once Josh was settled in a deckchair with a tall glass in his hand, the full sorry tale of that morning came out. Erik and Freddie almost fell over laughing.

"Christ, the captain. We saw him last night," Freddie said. "I'm going to

have wet dreams about that guy until Christmas. And I'd swallow his meat any day, vegetarian or not."

Josh sunk lower in his chair, thinking about his sexual reaction to the captain. "I hope I never have to see him again."

"Why?" Freddie asked. "We're just hoping if we sit at the pool every day he's going to come down in the smallest pair of Speedos known to man. I'd pay for that shit. In fact, I was thinking of asking him into a threeway."

Josh stared, slack-jawed. "Is he gay?"

"Don't care if he isn't. I'd suck his cock until he fucking passed out with pleasure."

Erik squeezed his partner's knee affectionately. "Slut."

"I should go." Josh stood unsteadily. The sun was scorching, only adding to his light-headedness despite the fact the three of them sat under an umbrella.

"You going to sit with us tonight at dinner?" Erik asked.

"Sure, thanks." Josh was grateful. He had imagined two weeks dining alone with people whispering about him. He said his goodbyes and retreated to his cabin where he lay down on the bed.

The captain's handsome, sardonic face swam into his mind. Damn him to hell.

Chapter Two

In hindsight, margaritas during the day weren't the best idea Josh had ever had. He woke up with a headache, tangled sweatily in the sheets of his bed. He showered and dressed for dinner. Perhaps a jacket and tie were supposed to be in order but it was too hot. He wore a black shirt and pants, and gelled his hair carefully before reluctantly adding mosquito repellent to his hands and neck. That was hardly going to pull him the hottest man on the ship. *And we all know who's the hottest man on the ship, don't we?*

He stopped on the way out, noticing that something had been pushed under his door. A single sheet of paper with the words *Please address your complaint to* and then an email address neatly printed. Josh groaned inwardly. The complaint was hardly viable now. What would be his chances with the captain if he went forward with it?

Then he laughed at himself. His chances were less than zero anyway. He had always got by with men, but was usually described as 'cute' rather than 'devastatingly attractive'. To be on the captain's arm or in his bed, you were probably looking at supermodel status and no less. Not a plain, vertically challenged introvert from Alaska. And who said Captain Kessler was gay anyway?

He sighed as he left his room. He was going to spend the entire cruise with a hard-on for the captain and nowhere to put it.

Erik and Freddie were just coming out of their cabin, with Freddie wearing a bright pink shirt and yellow pants, and Erik rather more sober in purple and green. They looked like a car crash. Both greeted him with delight and linked his arms on both sides. Josh, despite everything, was grateful he was not alone.

The ship had set sail and the vast expanse of blue ocean glittered as a spectacular sun slid slowly beyond the horizon. A light breeze stirred Josh's hair and the scent of the sea invaded his nostrils. For the first time, he was glad to be here.

The dining room looked different when busy and well-lit than it had earlier that day during the scene of Josh's embarrassment. Most of the tables were full of passengers with a long line already waiting at the buffet table. A string quartet played discreetly on a low stage while waiters weaved between tables carrying cocktails, beer and wine.

The three of them sat and greeted the other two people seated at their table—a plastic surgeon from Connecticut and his wife, who was plumped up with collagen and silicone. Josh poured himself some water and his gaze strayed across the room to the table near the stage.

Surrounded by men in suits and women in evening gowns dripping in jewels was the captain, wearing a tuxedo. Josh's jaw almost hit the table.

"Put your eyes back in your pants," Erik said in his ear.

Josh blushed. He tried not to look, but his gaze was drawn back magnetically time and time again.

"Jesus, he knows how to carry that off. He looks like James fucking Bond," Freddie said admiringly.

Josh silently agreed. The captain was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen in his life. The ache between his legs had become palpable.

Captain Kessler's eyes strayed to their table and met Josh's. For a moment, Josh dared to hold it. A small smile curled around that perfect, wicked mouth and the captain lifted his champagne flute minutely in a toast. Josh reddened even more. The man had to be mocking him. He tore his gaze away, pushed his chair back and hurried across the room to the buffet table, his heart beating hard.

He stood in line a few moments, glancing over the food with unseeing eyes until warm breath tickled his ear.

"I recommend the salmon."

Josh jumped. He turned around to find the captain standing way too close, his cologne seductively spicy. Up close, he was even more perfect, his skin creamy smooth, his eyes that astonishing mix of grey and amethyst, his broad shoulders and chest straining his tuxedo in the sexiest way. *Fuck*.

Josh swallowed. "I don't eat meat. Remember?"

The captain smiled. "Ah, how could I forget?" He held Josh's gaze unwaveringly. "I hope you got my note."

"I did, thank you."

"Will you be requiring use of my laptop?"

"I don't...t-think so." Josh always stammered when he was nervous. Sometimes it was like the words got lost and confused on his tongue, even though his brain knew what it wanted to say.

"Very well. I hope I can be of assistance to you again during your vacation. You won't hesitate to call me?"

Josh stared. The captain had to be mocking him, but his gaze and the smile on that sensual mouth seemed so...sexual, so inviting. It wasn't possible. People

like Captain Kessler didn't look at people like Josh Addison in real life. That was a fact.

He damped the desire down, encased it in frost. "I'm sure I won't have any need for your help, but thank you." Inside, the captain must have been laughing his ass off at Josh's helpless attraction.

Before the captain could reply, an excited voice cut in. "Captain, I'm Freddie Booth and this is my partner, Erik Dalby. We've been just *dying* to meet you." Freddie grabbed the captain's hand, squeezing it, simpering flirtatiously.

The captain smiled graciously. "Nice to meet you. I hope you're enjoying yourselves."

"Oh yes, we're making full use of the boat's extensive facilities."

"Ship." Captain Kessler's smile didn't waver.

"Of course. Have you met our neighbour, Josh?"

The incredible eyes swivelled back to his, seemed to be laced with heat and spice. "We met earlier. I do hope your breakfast was up to standard, Mr. Addison?"

"It was just fine, Captain," Josh replied. He was starting to feel faint. He guessed all the blood must have deserted his brain.

"Tell me, Captain, what do we have to do to get you to be our guest one night for dinner?" Freddie placed a manicured hand on the captain's meaty biceps.

"You only have to ask, Mr Booth."

"Freddie, please."

"Tomorrow night, then?"

Freddie looked apoplectic with excitement. "That would be just wonderful, Captain."

"I look forward to it. If you'll excuse me." The captain inclined his head, fixed Josh with another lingering glance and went back to his table.

Josh almost slumped against the buffet table.

"That's some hard-on you've got," Erik said into his ear.

"Shut up. Do you think he noticed?"

"He's a gentleman, his eyes didn't stray down that far."

Josh glanced over his shoulder and saw one of the captain's bejewelled companions leaning close to speak to him.

"He wants you," Freddie said with a grin. "And tomorrow, when he sits at our table, he's going to get you."

"Come on," Josh replied, even though the words made his heart beat fast

with barely concealed hope. “He has public relations down to a fine art. He knows he’s hot and he’s not afraid to exploit that. Look at him with the women on his table. They’re all creaming themselves over him.”

“He’s queer, trust me. I know a fag when I see one.”

“I don’t think so.” Josh looked at Erik. “What do you think?”

Erik put an arm around Freddie’s waist, unashamed of public displays of affection. “I agree with Freddie. Don’t worry. By the end of this holiday, the captain will have you bent over, pumping your little ass until you beg for mercy.”

Blood swamped Josh’s face. The images those words provoked were too hot to be considered. He wished he could immediately leave for some private time in his cabin.

Somehow he lasted through dinner and too many drinks. As the night wore on, passengers got up to dance. Josh stared as the captain took the hand of the most attractive woman at his table and led her to the dance floor. His heart sank and his blood soured with jealousy. The captain wrapped a powerful arm around the slender waist of his partner and held her hand as he swept her efficiently around the dance floor.

“He knows how to dance,” Freddie said authoritatively. “Obviously queer.”

Josh couldn’t take his eyes off the couple, or the way the woman held onto the shoulder of the captain and looked adoringly into his eyes. God, he could just bet the captain got laid until pussy came out of his ears on these trips.

Captain Kessler glanced over to their table. His gaze searched for and found Josh’s. He didn’t smile, only looked until his dance led him away and his back was turned.

Josh reached for another drink. He was going to go back to his cabin and jerk off until his dick fell off.

Chapter Three

The ship had docked when Josh woke up to calling seabirds and the absence of engine noise. He showered and dressed before Erik came calling.

“We’ve ordered breakfast in our cabin, come and join us.”

Freddie reclined on their bed drinking coffee with their itinerary spread out before him. “We’re on Kos,” he said before he pushed aside the paper and lay back. “I can’t be fucking bothered. I’m too hung over.” He addressed Erik. “Just stretch me out in the sun, love, and leave me there until I bake to a crisp.”

Erik smiled. “I knew you’d be like this. You never want to explore anywhere when we go on vacation.”

“I’m only interested in fucking, drinking and tanning. In that order. Fuck the culture.”

“Philistine.”

“Bite me.”

“Later.”

Josh sat down at Erik’s prompting and helped himself to some fruit and bread. He was usually one for getting out whenever he could when he went away, but he felt much the same as Freddie that day. Staying up all night jerking off did that to a person.

“What about you, Josh?”

“I think I’ll just lie by the pool,” Josh said half-heartedly.

Erik huffed. He sat down and poured some orange juice. “Don’t think I don’t know what this is about. You two want to hang around the pool hoping to catch the captain in his Speedos.”

Josh darted a look at Freddie, who grinned from ear to ear. “What of it? I want to see what he’s packing.”

“You’re shameless,” Josh told him.

“Right, so you haven’t thought about it? You weren’t jerking off over him last night then?”

Josh lowered his head and busied himself pulling stalks from his strawberries. The only reason his neighbours hadn’t heard him pleasuring himself was that they’d been too busy themselves.

“He’s working. Why would he hang around the pool?” Erik was the voice of reason.

“Killjoy. Maybe he’s hoping to catch a glimpse of Josh in his Speedos and see what *he’s* packing.”

“Shut up, Freddie.”

Freddie cackled. “Listen to me, he’s fucking hot for you. Forget those chicks at his table last night. He likes cock and he wants yours. Trust me. Now get your ass back to your cabin, lube yourself up with oil and put some socks down your shorts.”

* * * *

Josh was embarrassed to uncover his skinny white body at the pool. He couldn’t remember the last time it had been exposed to the sun. Worse, a liberal plastering of SPF fifty seemed to leave him with a ghostly glow. His shorts were baggy because he wasn’t one for posing, even if he was satisfied with what nature had given him. And besides, no way would the captain be there to take an interest in the contents of his swimwear.

He stripped off his T-shirt and kicked off his shoes, wincing at the baking hot deck before he laid a towel on his sunbed and stretched out.

“Oh man,” Freddie said from beneath huge white sunglasses. “Where the fuck did you come from?” He wore a tight pair of bright pink shorts.

“Alaska,” Josh said tartly. “What do you expect?”

“Poor baby. We’re from Iowa and even we’ve got a better tan than you.”

Josh grunted. He glanced around his fellow passengers. Yes, his was the whitest body on display. On the bright side, he wasn’t going to get skin cancer any time soon.

“What do you do in Alaska anyway, Josh?”

“I’m a clerk at a law firm.”

“It sounds fascinating. Do you get to prepare lots of *briefs*?”

Josh rolled his eyes. “It’s boring and I hate it.”

“Oh dear.”

“Let me guess, Freddie, you must be a fashion designer.”

Freddie gasped, putting a hand to his mouth. “Darling, how did you guess?”

“Wild stab in the dark.”

“I’m wearing this season’s swimwear and so is Erik.” Erik wore an equally tight pair of turquoise shorts. “My kaftan is also my design.” Freddie pointed to the flimsy black top edged in silver sequins draped at the end of his sunbed.

“Lovely. Are you successful?”

“I own my own shop. I get shows from time to time.”

“You must enjoy it a lot.”

“Oh, I do. I get to meet the hottest men.”

“What do you do, Erik?”

“I work for the post office.”

Josh was taken aback. He had expected Erik to be one of Freddie’s models or at least an artist or sculptor. “Oh.”

“Yeah, most people say that.”

“I wasn’t—”

“Erik models for me too.” Freddie sounded proud. “He’s the face of my new collection. And the ass.” He patted Erik’s backside as Erik leaned over to his bag.

“How long have you two been together?”

“Five years.”

“That’s great.”

“It certainly is. Erik and I, we’re made for each other.” Freddie cocked his head, regarding Josh curiously. “Want to tell us now why you’re here alone?”

“Sure. I won this trip and my man ran off with someone else. I couldn’t find anyone to replace him at such short notice.”

Freddie clicked his tongue in displeasure. “He didn’t realise what a fine catch he had.”

Josh was taken aback. “Actually, I think he’d found better elsewhere.”

“I doubt that.”

“You’re very sweet, Freddie.”

“Just telling it like it is, sugar. Now where’s that fucking captain? Once you’ve been fucked by him, you’ll forget all about that other asshole.”

“I love your optimism.”

“If you don’t have optimism, what else is there?”

Josh closed his eyes behind his sunglasses. Rivulets of sweat ran down the centre of his chest. There was optimism and then there was self-delusion. It was pointless to hope the captain would ever make a move in his direction.

* * * *

The morning turned to afternoon, the sun baking hot. Passengers deserted the pool in favour of going ashore, with just a gaggle remaining. Josh read a book, then dozed for a while before he went in the pool with Erik and Freddie.

On coming out, he towelled himself dry before sitting back on his bed to apply more SPF fifty. Erik sat astride his sunbed with Freddie behind him, rubbing suntan lotion on his back in slow, overtly sensual strokes, dropping little kisses on his shoulders as he did. Josh tried not to look. As he glanced around the pool, something far more exciting drew his eye.

Putting a bag down on a sunbed across the pool was the captain. As Josh watched with jaw open, the captain stripped off his T-shirt and pulled down his shorts, bending over to step out of them.

“Oh. My. Fucking. God,” Freddie intoned in sheer awe.

The captain stood by his bed, naked apart from a small, tight pair of black swimming shorts. His tanned physique was like something Josh had seen only in a porno movie. His arms bulged with muscle, his pecs were solid and hard and a perfect six-pack rippled with his every movement. He turned his back, showing a tight, pert backside.

Freddie and Erik groaned simultaneously. Josh held his breath as the captain set off, walking the length of the swimming pool to the opposite end where he climbed down the steps into the water and started to swim.

“Fuck.”

Josh glanced at Freddie. Hidden behind Erik’s back, his neighbour had his hand in his groin, rubbing through his pink shorts.

“Freddie, you can’t jerk off now, there’s children here.”

Freddie looked around. “No, there aren’t.”

“But still—”

“Josh, I just saw the captain almost naked. When he comes out of there, those shorts are going to be wet and clinging. I can’t control myself and if *you* can, there must be something wrong with you.” He plucked down the waistband of his shorts, revealing the hard head of his cock.

Josh stared.

Freddie moved closer to Erik, rubbing against his back, one hand reaching around to stroke his thigh.

Josh placed a towel over his lap. When he glanced back to the pool, Captain Kessler was at the steps almost directly opposite them and climbing out. Josh’s mouth went dry.

The captain lifted himself free from the water like some sort of sea god. He was soaking wet from head to toe, his black hair glistening. He shook it as he climbed out. Water ran in rivulets down his chiselled abdomen and Josh’s helpless gaze dropped lower.

The black shorts were almost transparent. They clung to the obvious bulge of cock and balls, each delightful piece of the captain's equipment outlined neatly in the most awe-inspiring package Josh had ever seen.

Freddie caught his breath with a stifled cry. Elastic snapped as he pinged his shorts back into place just as the captain turned their way.

"Hello, gentlemen." He smiled. "Nice weather."

Erik was the only one who hadn't lost his tongue. "Hello, Captain. Is it your day off?"

"No," Captain Kessler said. "Just taking an hour off for a swim."

He moved closer and the three men stared up at him like acolytes worshipping a god. He was so thick and turgid that he had to be half-hard, Josh thought dizzily, hanging onto the towel on his lap.

The captain sat down suddenly on the end of Josh's sunbed and the uneven weight distribution almost unbalanced it. Captain Kessler grinned, his teeth blindingly white. He slid farther up the bed so one knee touched Josh's crossed leg. He sat with muscular thighs apart, his heavy equipment barely restrained by the wet shorts.

Josh couldn't breathe. It was all he could do not to slide his hand beneath his towel and play with himself. When he glanced across to Freddie, he saw his neighbour was blatantly touching himself behind Erik's back again. Josh couldn't believe his eyes.

"Did you enjoy dinner last night?" The captain addressed Josh. He wore no sunglasses, his eyes sparking with amethyst in the sunlight.

Josh nodded. "Very much so." His voice was almost a squeak. He was relieved his sunglasses hid his roaming eyes.

"That's good. I look forward to joining you this evening."

Josh nodded again. The captain stood and Josh cursed himself for not being able to engage the captain in stimulating conversation to keep him sitting on the end of his bed for a while longer. His gaze lifted slowly up the hard body, lingering once more on his favourite area. Was it his imagination or had the captain swelled harder in the last few seconds?

"I'll see you later then."

"Bye," Erik and Josh said together, watching the captain's firm ass all the way back to his sunbed.

Freddie gave a gasp. As Josh looked over, Freddie pulled his cock free and gave it three hard jerks before he spurted all over Erik's back.

Erik groaned lasciviously while Josh stared at the creamy fluid still

dribbling from Freddie's slit.

"I can't believe you just did that."

Freddie laughed. "You're lucky I didn't do it while he was sitting there. I don't know how I held back."

Josh glanced across the pool. The captain rubbed his long, strong limbs with a towel, then pulled on his shorts and T-shirt. The show was over.

"I need to...get something from my cabin." Josh reached for his T-shirt.

Freddie and Erik laughed. Freddie reached a tissue from his bag and lovingly wiped his semen from Erik's back.

"We'll see you later, dirty boy," Freddie said as Josh gathered his things together and hurried away.

* * * *

Josh almost fell into the cabin. Dumping his bag and wet towel, he yanked his shorts down and wrapped his hand around his aching shaft. Leaning against the door with eyes shut, he saw the captain behind his eyelids, sitting with legs spread and water dripping off his body. Josh imagined putting a hand inside the wet shorts, stroking that turgid cock to full erection, listening to the captain gasp as Josh climbed on his lap and guided Captain Kessler inside him.

The fantasy didn't even get as far as penetration before Josh came with a cry, sliding limply down the door to sprawl on the floor.

Chapter Four

The captain was going to kill him. How was Josh going to keep up this punishing jerk-off schedule for the rest of the holiday? Even the caress of a cold shower inflamed him unreasonably and sent him back for further self-abuse. If it was true it could make you go blind, Josh would be coming off this ship with a dog and a white stick.

He went over to Erik and Freddie's for a pre-dinner margarita. His hosts had been testing the bed springs all afternoon and the walls had shaken with Freddie's cries. His neighbours prepped him thoroughly on how to behave that evening.

"You must maintain eye contact at all times."

"You must laugh at all his jokes."

"You must play footsie under the table. If you can, get your shoe off and your toes in his crotch. He'll love that shit."

"If the opportunity presents itself, drop your napkin, crawl under the table and blow him. He'll thank you for it."

"Guys, please..."

"What?" Freddie fussed with his hair, pulling it into spikes with styling paste.

"I can't blow the captain under the table."

"Why not?"

"Because..." Josh drifted off into fond fantasy. The captain in his mouth. Yeah, he'd eat meat that night all right.

Freddie laughed and grabbed Josh in a playful hug. "Oh, Josh baby, I can't wait until the captain fucks you in your cabin and I can put a glass against the wall and jerk off while I listen."

"Even better, I can fuck you while you listen." Erik grinned.

"Oh my God, you never stop," Josh complained.

"I'll stop when I'm dead, love. Let's go."

Josh wore a cream linen suit and a white shirt. While they walked to the dining room, Erik and Freddie both told him how handsome he looked but he suspected they were just being kind. The true barometer would be the level of heat in the captain's eyes.

The couple from Connecticut were already seated, the wife's plumped-up

breasts threatening to spill from her cocktail dress. Josh would know for sure if the captain was gay tonight. No straight man in his right mind could ignore that. The one empty seat was across the table from Josh. A waiter brought them drinks and Josh guzzled anxiously, looking around.

There he was, in uniform tonight, speaking to some ladies at a nearby table. Josh wasn't sure which he preferred, the uniform, the tux or the shorts. All three aroused him fiercely. The only thing better would be if the captain turned up to dinner one night stark naked.

Josh pulled his chair closer to the table, already hard and ready to spend a long evening trying to control himself.

The captain turned, caught Josh's eye and set off purposefully to the table. *Oh, God.* Josh trembled. Captain Kessler greeted the couple from Connecticut, kissing the woman's hand, his eyes firmly on her face, not straying once to her cleavage. He was either a gentleman or completely and hopelessly bent. Josh prayed for the latter. The captain took the empty seat opposite Josh and addressed all three men, with gaze lingering on Josh. "Have you had a nice day?"

"Very nice, thank you," Freddie said. "Very relaxing."

"You didn't venture ashore?"

"No, we were all too tired. Perhaps tomorrow."

"We dock at Patmos overnight. I recommend it."

"Do you get time to go ashore yourself, Captain?" Freddie asked.

"Tomorrow I will. It's my day off."

Freddie and Erik glanced at Josh. "Perhaps we'll see you then," said Freddie.

"I'm sure you will." Captain Kessler looked at Josh again and Josh, dumbstruck as always, busied himself cutting up a roll.

The meal was served to their table that night, Josh's vegetarian option delicious. Captain Kessler asked for champagne and kept their glasses topped up. Josh got easily drunk. It never took much.

The plastic surgeon's wife flirted shamelessly, but every time she monopolised the conversation, Freddie cut in and steered the captain's attention back to him, Erik and Josh.

The captain was highly entertaining. He told tales of previous cruises and the colourful characters he had encountered. Josh couldn't help but feel it was a personal slight when Captain Kessler told the table about an old lady with a dog who had complained about everything for two weeks and made the captain come

personally to her cabin on numerous occasions.

Josh now felt less special that the captain had delivered his breakfast that first day. He clearly employed the personal touch all the time. He glared a little at the captain as he told the tale while everyone at the table laughed.

Captain Kessler regarded him with that mocking smile. The pointed toe of a hard shoe poked Josh's ankle delicately. Josh froze. Christ, was the captain playing footsie under the table just like Freddie and Erik had told *him* to do?

The captain's foot pushed between Josh's. He left it there. Josh kept still, heart beating hard. The captain held his gaze unwaveringly, sipping champagne.

Josh hesitated, torn. He wanted to touch the captain but oh, God, what if the captain was straight and was highly offended by his passenger's wandering feet? That touch to his ankle had been deliberate though, hadn't it?

Josh moved his right foot. He put his toe behind the captain's heel. Very slowly, he lifted his shoe up the captain's calf, stroking through his pants.

The captain's smile widened. There was the green light. Josh pulled his foot back. He leaned under the table and unlaced his shoe with heart in his mouth. He eased it off and, with his socked foot, he stroked the back of the captain's calf again, sliding up his trouser leg onto bare flesh.

The captain lowered his gaze to his plate and ate a mouthful of asparagus. He kept his legs still. A very slight, but becoming blush stained his cheeks.

Josh felt exhilarated. Butterflies took flight in his stomach. The captain liked him. He *liked* him.

"Captain, won't you dance with me?"

The captain put his fork down. He drew his legs back and pushed his chair away from the table. "But of course." He took the plastic surgeon's wife's hand and steered her gracefully away from the table.

Josh sat watching in frustration. When would he ever live in a society where it would be okay to ask the captain to dance himself? Never, was the answer. He poured some more champagne and tried not to watch the captain and his dance partner.

Freddie squeezed his knee. "Don't worry, he's yours tonight."

Coffee was served. The captain drank a brandy. "Well, thank you all for a lovely evening. If you'll excuse me..."

Before he could stand, Freddie interrupted. "We're just going for a walk on deck. Would you like to join us?"

The captain hesitated. He glanced at Josh. "That would be very nice."

Josh owed Freddie and Erik a debt of gratitude he could only dream of

repaying. If it had been up to Josh himself, he would have never got near the captain again after their disastrous start.

The four of them bade goodnight to the couple on their table and headed out of the dining room. The night air was warm with a slight sea breeze. Erik and Freddie walked arm in arm, leaving Josh behind with the captain.

Captain Kessler's white uniform almost glowed under the moonlight and the soft deck lighting. His strong profile was achingly beautiful. Josh walked by his side feeling like the luckiest man in the world. The captain didn't speak for the longest time, and Josh didn't know how to break the silence.

The captain greeted passers-by. The dining room was located on the same level as their cabins and their long walk took them right around the deck. Freddie and Erik paused.

"Here we are. We're going to turn in for the night," Freddie said. "Why don't you take

the captain for a drink, Josh?" He wasn't subtle, and Josh blushed in the dark.

Captain Kessler politely said goodnight to them both. He and Josh lingered at the railing outside Josh's cabin, looking down into the inky waters.

"So, Mr Addison, are you here alone?"

"Josh, please. And yes I am."

"That's a shame."

"I don't mind."

"You don't have...a significant other?"

Josh glanced at him. Shadows dappled the captain's face and his eyes gleamed violet. "No. My partner left me a short time ago."

The captain was silent. Then, "I'm sorry. Still, one man's loss is another man's gain." The captain glanced down the deserted deck in both directions. He put a tentative hand over Josh's on the rail. Josh caught his breath.

"What are you doing?" His voice shook.

"Touching your hand."

"Do you always fraternise with passengers?"

"Sometimes."

Josh's heart sank. Disappointment and disillusionment overwhelmed him. He understood Captain Kessler's motives now. Josh would be another notch on his bedpost, another lay on the high seas. He wouldn't be anything special for the captain. Could he put himself through being used so cheaply, despite the obvious benefits?

He pulled his hand away. "I think you've got the wrong idea, Captain," he said stiffly. "Goodnight." He pulled his key card from his pocket, moving towards his door.

He hoped the captain would say something, make some apology, try to persuade Josh into his bed regardless but when he glanced around, the captain had melted into the shadows, disappearing along the deck.

Chapter Five

“He said he sometimes fraternises with passengers.”

“And? That’s it? That’s the reason you turned down the greatest screw of your life—because he likes to fuck his way around the Med?”

Josh glared. They were docked at Patmos and the sun beat down relentlessly. He was hung over and feeling very sorry for himself. Men like the captain didn’t come along every day. He had refused a once in a lifetime chance.

Freddie snorted in frustration. He paced the balcony dressed in a pair of boxers, a glass of orange juice in his hand. “You’re a dick, Josh. After all the work me and Erik put in too.”

“Give him a break,” Erik said softly from his chair. “If he doesn’t like cheap sex, that’s his prerogative.”

“What’s wrong with cheap sex?” Freddie demanded. “It’s hot, it’s dirty and you never have to see the guy again.”

“I’m stuck on this ship for two weeks with him,” Josh mumbled. “I don’t want to be his one night stand and have to avoid him for the rest of the holiday.”

“Oh, come on, that’s a price worth paying for the night of your life and besides, who says it wouldn’t have been a...” He stopped and counted on his fingers. “An eleven night stand.”

“He’s too hot to make do with me for the rest of the vacation.”

“Listen to yourself!” Freddie cried. “Erik, please, help me out with this sweet, deluded little boy.”

“I’m not a little boy, Freddie, I’m thirty-two.”

“Then act like it. Be a man and take your pleasure like a man! When the hottest thing you’ve ever seen in your life comes calling, you don’t wimp out in case he only wants you once, you fucking open your legs, bend over and say, *yes please sir!* Christ!”

Josh jumped from his chair. Erik caught his arm gently. “Come on, don’t go. Freddie’s like a bull in a china shop, but he means well. He’s only looking out for your sex life.”

Josh sank back into his chair. Freddie came over and stood beside him. He stroked Josh’s hair. “I’m sorry, sweetie. You seem to have self-esteem issues and I can’t understand why. The captain is lucky to get you, I tell you. That’s why he wants you, because he knows a prize catch when he sees one.”

“Oh, please.”

“What? You don’t believe me?”

“No, I don’t believe you. I’m short, I’m plain, I’m skinny...”

“You’re beautiful baby, *beautiful*. Tell him Erik!”

“It’s true, Josh, you are.”

“Okay, stop.” Josh got up. “I’m going to take a shower.”

“Fine, we’re going ashore. Meet us back here in half an hour if you want to come.”

* * * *

The itinerary stated they were staying at Patmos for two days. Freddie had the first day planned. He wanted to fry himself on the beach, eat on the island, then drink himself into a stupor in the local bars before staggering back onto the ship at a ridiculous hour. The harbour was bustling with passengers and locals offering taxis and items for sale. Erik stopped and bought them all a seashell necklace before they caught a taxi to one of the beaches.

The sandy beach was lined with sunbeds and umbrellas. Already a few pasty passengers from the cruise ship were stretched out. Freddie’s tan seemed to have appeared overnight. He rubbed oil on his skin and sat down while Erik did his back. Josh got under the umbrella. He lay down with his iPod, staring at the calm, crystal clear ocean. What a dick he was. Freddie was right. So what if the captain liked to screw around? Josh should have been honoured and flattered he warranted so much as a second glance. He should have taken the captain into his cabin last night and laid on his back until the captain had used and abused him to his heart’s content. He had ruined it all. He wouldn’t get a second chance, he was sure of that.

The three of them went swimming, then dozed in the sun before catching a taxi back to the ship. They went to their cabins to shower and met up again ready for the evening. A fiery sun sank over the island, turning the water blood red as they walked from the dock into the bustling heart of the town. The monastery on the hilltop was lit radiantly, a startling focal point.

They found a table at a restaurant on the waterfront and ordered ouzo while they perused the menu. A tall figure in jeans and a black shirt strolled down the path towards them and Josh sat up in his seat. “Christ.”

“Captain Kessler! Hello!” Freddie called, waving frantically.

“Don’t, Freddie. Fuck.”

The captain stopped at their table. "Hi, there. Had a nice day?"

"Yes, thanks. Won't you join us?" Erik asked.

The captain glanced at Josh as though seeking his approval. Josh nodded slightly and the captain seemed relieved. He took the chair next to Josh and gestured to a waiter, ordering in Greek.

"Wow," Erik said.

Captain Kessler shrugged his shoulders. "I've done this a long time. It's hard not to pick up something along the way."

"I bet you've picked up *plenty* along the way," Freddie remarked with a lift of one eyebrow and a smirk.

The captain smiled. He didn't look at Josh. Josh glared at Freddie, but Freddie was oblivious.

The waiter returned, bringing four more ouzos and a jug of water, plus a menu for the captain.

"What do you recommend, Captain?"

"I like stifado." The captain glanced at Josh. Freddie and Erik smothered their laughter with their napkins.

"Sounds great," Erik choked out.

"It is. Not for you though, Josh. I know you don't take meat."

"Oh, he takes meat all right."

"Shut up, Freddie!"

Freddie cackled. "Count me in, Captain, I'll have a stiff hard-on any time. What're you going to have, Josh?"

Josh sighed. His face felt as though it glowed like the sunset. "I'll have the brian."

The captain signalled the waiter again and spoke once more in Greek. "I ordered us some mezes too," he said when they'd handed their menus over. "Houmous, tzatsiki, stuffed vine leaves and pitta."

Josh loved Greek food. His mouth watered at the prospect of the mezes but his stomach was in tense knots at the captain's proximity. He wished Erik hadn't invited him to eat with them.

The conversation flowed and so did the ouzo. That stuff was the devil's drink, Josh decided as the meal wound up over baklava and coffee. It made him long to slide beneath the table and do what Freddie had first suggested.

The sky was now black, glowing with stars, the monastery a blaze of glory on top of the island.

The captain signalled the waiter and pulled out his credit card.

“Oh, no,” Erik waved him away.

“Hush, I insist,” said the captain. Josh didn’t say anything. Secretly he was impressed but wondered whether it was a gesture designed to buy Josh into his bed. He would have to do rather better than that.

“We’re going for a drink, will you come?” Freddie asked.

The captain acquiesced and the four of them strolled into the crowded, narrow back streets. The many bars and restaurants were noisy with music. They chose one and took stools at the bar in a row, Erik and Freddie on Josh’s left, the captain on his right.

“Let’s have cocktails.” Freddie grabbed a menu.

“Christ, love, I won’t be able to see straight soon,” Erik protested but Freddie grinned and said nothing.

Josh looked at the menu. He liked sickly cocktails involving Bailey’s and cream. “Screaming orgasm please,” he told the bartender.

“I can get you one of those, no problem,” the captain said in his ear.

A rush of blood flooded like fire into Josh’s groin. “Don’t,” he said coldly.

The captain was silent a moment. Then he leaned close again. “Look, about last night.”

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Well, I do. I wanted to apologise. If you thought I was inappropriate, then I’m sorry.”

Josh turned fiercely to look at him. “I did. You more or less told me you make a habit of screwing your passengers.”

“I didn’t say that.”

“You didn’t have to.”

The captain sighed. “I’m at sea eight months of the year, Josh. It’s difficult to live like a monk all that time.”

“That’s fine, just don’t come calling at *my* door for a notch on your bedpost.”

The captain frowned. “Hey, don’t talk like that. I don’t think that way.”

“Don’t you?”

“No.” The captain held eye contact unwaveringly.

Josh looked away. He felt shitty. He knew he was drunk and it had contributed to his pissy mood. “I’m going to get going.” He tossed ten euros on the bar and slid off his stool.

“Whoa there, tiger, we’re just getting started here.” Freddie sounded surprised.

“Another time. I’ll see you in the morning.” Josh left the bar without a backward glance.

Chapter Six

Once back in his cabin, Josh stripped and pulled on some pyjama bottoms. He made coffee and sat out on the balcony under the stars. Christ, his behaviour got worse. First he rejected the hottest man he'd ever met, then rejected his fucking apology. What the hell was wrong with him? Was he determined to have no cock for the rest of his life? He groaned aloud in frustration.

A knock sounded at the door. Josh glanced back through the cabin with a frown. Probably Freddie, come to tell him off for his rudeness, but then no lights had come on next door. With heart hammering, Josh got to his feet.

He hesitated at the door, afraid of opening it. The knock came again. Steeling himself, he pulled it open.

It was the captain of course. He leaned against the door frame, grey eyes glowing. "You're a frustrating man, Josh."

"Go away."

Instead of leaving, the captain stepped inside. Startled, Josh backed into his cabin.

The captain followed. "I don't want to go away. I want to give you what you're asking for." He closed the door behind him.

Josh gulped. The captain herded him across the living room and into the bedroom, stalking his victim like a panther.

"Please..." Josh said weakly, even though his cock throbbed and his heart pounded.

The captain knocked him down onto the bed and dragged off Josh's pyjama bottoms, revealing his arousal. Josh whimpered.

The captain smiled. "Going to tell me you don't want it, Josh?"

Josh remained silent, frozen naked to the bed.

"Thought not. Now you're going to watch while I strip."

Josh stifled a shocked moan. The captain kicked his shoes off. He unfastened the buttons on his shirt and slid it slowly off his shoulders and down his arms, revealing his chiselled torso. Josh swallowed, his mouth dry, his cock rock hard.

The captain started on his pants, unfastening belt, button and zip. He slid the jeans slowly down his legs and stepped out of them. Underneath he wore a pair of tight, white Calvin Kleins that bulged mercilessly.

“Oh, fuck.” Josh squirmed on the bed.

The captain grinned. “You and your friends weren’t exactly subtle at the pool yesterday.”

“Captain, you come down wearing the tiniest, tightest shorts with your cock nearly bursting out of them and you think *we* weren’t subtle?”

The captain laughed. He straddled Josh’s hips, leaning down. “Tell me something, are you going to call me Captain when I’m fucking you?”

“N-no, not if you’ve got a first name.”

“I have a first name.” He leaned closer. “It’s Kane.”

“Then may I scream it in the heat of pleasure?”

“You may.” The sensual mouth closed over his.

Josh melted into the bed. His hands closed almost hesitantly over the broad shoulders and pulled Kane down onto his body.

The captain kissed like an angel. His mouth was sweet and delicate. He didn’t try to force his tongue beyond Josh’s lips. He only caressed and worked at and adored Josh’s mouth until Josh moaned for more.

His mouth opened and his tongue found Kane’s. A thigh slid between his, pressing against his hard cock. Josh’s hands ran down Kane’s back. He grabbed at Kane’s muscular cheeks, pulling him ever closer.

The captain lifted his head, leaving Josh panting, his lips kiss-swollen. He smiled fondly, tracing fingertips over Josh’s cheek. Then he pressed his mouth to his throat. Josh arched back, groaning as Kane delivered a track of kisses down his torso, leaving burning skin in his wake.

His mouth caressed Josh’s navel, brushed against the dark thatch of hair at his groin. A wet tongue licked at the tip of his cock.

“Fuck.”

Kane looked up at him through dense lashes, grey eyes wicked. “You know what I think, Josh? If I blow you now, you’ll come before I can get where I want to be.”

Josh almost whimpered. “I w-won’t,” he said anxiously. Greedy man that he was, he wanted both things from Kane.

“Do you promise? Because if you do, I’ll have to punish you.”

Josh gripped at the bed sheets. It was all he could do not to force the captain’s head down on him. “I promise.”

Kane grinned. He took Josh’s hard shaft in his hand, jerking slowly. “You have a very nice cock. Just the right size.”

“T-thank you.”

“And lovely balls. So firm and tight.” His other hand weighed Josh’s sac, squeezing gently.

Josh almost thrashed on the bed. He groaned as Kane’s hot mouth sucked at one of his balls before his tongue ran up to the base of his cock and down along its length. Lips nibbled at the head of his cock and his tongue delved into the slit. Kane lifted his head and Josh watched helplessly as some fluid leaked out and ran down his cock. Kane caught it with his tongue.

He smacked his lips in appreciation. “Very nice.”

A hand slid between his legs and fingers stroked the sensitive skin behind Josh’s balls. Josh spread his legs wantonly. Kane smiled. He dipped his head and enveloped most of Josh’s cock in one slick slide of hot saliva.

“Oh, God.” Josh grabbed at Kane’s hair. A tongue lashed over the head of his cock while Kane continued to stroke between his legs with gentle fingers.

The captain gave a blowjob to rival all blowjobs. Each wet movement of his mouth inflamed Josh further and further until his climax seemed inevitable. He didn’t want to come because Kane had warned him not to but oh, God, the idea of shooting into the deepest recesses of the sucking mouth was a forbidden thrill that sent him crazy. He bucked, fucking Kane’s mouth and Kane didn’t stop him, he only sucked more swiftly and more efficiently until Josh knew he was going to explode.

Kane drew back. Josh gasped, opening his eyes and panting in shock at the orgasm denied.

“I warned you and you promised.”

“I didn’t come,” Josh said innocently.

“No, but you were about to. I like to fuck a man I can trust.”

“You *can* trust me. It’s kind of difficult when you’ve got someone like you around your cock.”

Kane smiled. “I’ll take that as a compliment.”

“It *is* a compliment.” Josh reached out and stroked Kane’s hair. “Won’t you take the rest of your clothes off?”

Kneeling between Josh’s spread legs, Kane pulled his boxers down and all Josh’s dreams came true. He watched the heavy swing of Kane’s cock and balls as he manoeuvred his feet free and tossed the boxers aside.

“See anything you like?” Kane asked with a grin, touching his own cock, thumb running over the head.

“You could say that.” Josh reached out to touch the thick, long cock, sliding it through his palm.

“That’s good. Now, I’ve been introduced to the front of you. I want to get acquainted with the back. Turn over.”

Josh scrambled to obey. He knelt on all fours, feet apart. Kane shuffled up behind him. His cock pushed against Josh’s buttocks and Josh moaned, almost ached to take it inside him.

Kane took him by the hips and pressed a kiss to the small of his back before leaving a trail of kisses down to Josh’s buttocks. His hand once more felt between them, a finger sliding down his cleft to rub his entrance.

Josh caught his breath. Kane’s finger left, came back wet and rubbed some more. Each wet stroke inflamed him. He imagined the captain’s large cock spearing him within moments and it was too delicious to bear. He gripped his cock, squeezing the base but it was too late. He came helplessly, spurting onto the bed covers.

“Josh? Have you...oh that’s just fucking great.” Disappointment and scorn laced Kane’s voice. “We haven’t even started yet. Where’s your self-control?”

What the hell? “It’s okay,” Josh tried to say while he panted with the after-effects of his climax. “I can blow you.”

“Forget it.”

Josh turned around for a moment and stared. “Fine.” He climbed off the bed and pulled a robe on. “Get out.”

Kane knelt looking at him in astonishment. “What?”

”I’m sorry I’m such a fucking disappointment to you. So go find someone with better stamina.”

Kane crawled off the bed. “Come on,” he said, expression conciliatory.

“I said get out, *Captain*.” Josh folded his arms across his chest.

Kane’s face turned to stone. He pulled his boxers on, followed by his pants and crammed his feet into his shoes. “You fucking little prick,” he spat as he took his shirt and stalked across the lounge.

Josh couldn’t believe his ears. “Hey, you’re the prick!” he called, chasing Kane.

Kane whirled around. The palm of his hand collided with the centre of his chest, knocking Josh down onto the couch. For a moment he lay winded, looking up into the captain’s blazing eyes before Kane turned and slammed the door behind him.

Josh lay back stunned, with tears stinging his eyes.

Kane stood outside the cabin, breathing heavily. He spotted someone

walking along the deck and hurriedly dragged his shirt on. He buttoned it up before moving away from the door, standing casually at the rail like he was taking an evening walk.

What the fuck had just happened? One moment he was tangling with the delightful Josh; the next it had all gone horribly wrong.

He turned to look at the door longingly. Shit. Shouldn't he have been flattered by the level of Josh's arousal? What did it matter who came when and how fast when they had all night? Throwing him out was an overreaction on Josh's part. But then so was the parting violence by Kane. Shit, shit, shit.

He moved back to the door, lifted his fist to knock, then stopped. No. Josh was just another fling and Kane was very careful about flings. After this one bad experience, it was best to allow his attraction to Josh to lie and not go there again. There were plenty more fish in the sea. He set off.

Chapter Seven

“There was silence from your cabin when we got home last night,” Freddie said disapprovingly. “I held my glass to the wall but there was nothing to jerk off to.”

They were down in the dining room at breakfast. Josh picked at some fruit and said nothing.

Freddie glanced at Erik. He put a hand on Josh’s. “Sweetie, please don’t tell me he was a crap lay.”

Josh shook his head. “We didn’t get that far. We had a fight, I threw him out.”

Freddie shook his head. “Shit. What happened?”

“I don’t want to talk about it.” Josh wasn’t even sure what had happened. The alcohol he’d drunk at the restaurant had definitely contributed to the fight as far as he could see but still...he couldn’t blame it completely. Why had he gone so far as to throw Kane out? Sure Kane had been impatient with him and somewhat clinical over his determination to fuck him, but at the end of the day he was a man with a great body and a big cock who was willing. Beggars couldn’t be choosers.

There was Josh’s problem. Being grateful to a man like Kane for throwing crumbs from his table. He didn’t want to feel grateful. He wanted to feel like an equal, a man desired for who he was, not as someone to pass the time. His lack of self-esteem had ruined last night. Never again would he tangle with someone as stunning as Kane. He needed to stick to what he knew.

* * * *

Up on the bridge, Kane was hung over and testy with his first officer. He deeply regretted last night. Somehow he had made Josh feel inferior with his jibes. He should apologise, but then Josh might think he was still interested and Kane had definitely sworn off going there again. A cheap little roll in the hay was what he needed to ease his frustration, but that wasn’t something to have with a man like Josh.

Still, they were in Patmos until tomorrow and Kane didn’t usually have to

look far to get his needs met.

* * * *

Freddie and Erik went ashore again to explore the island, leaving Josh stewing miserably by the pool. He swam and then dried off in the sun, trying to read but too distracted. There were a few people by the pool today, but it was mercifully peaceful.

He couldn't help his gaze straying constantly from his book, looking for the captain in his little black shorts. What a fool he was.

He avoided Freddie and Erik all day, dined in his cabin, then dressed to go out. The harbour looked magnificent again, the cruise liner's lights shining on the water, the smell of food wafting from the restaurants. He chose a bar on the back street near where they had drunk last night and sat at the bar, ordering ouzo, the devil's drink.

Kane wasn't in his second bar long when he picked up a nice local called Nikolaus who seemed to be interested in Greek love. Kane was interested in it too, but wished it would be Josh doing the bending over tonight, Josh who he was almost inside last night and who might have been the greatest lay he'd had in a while.

He flirted with Nikolaus—a fisherman of course—at the bar for a while and let the man stroke his ego. Kane's ego was rather big, because it had been stroked all his life, but Josh had cut it down to size somewhat last night. He'd take the fisherman out back and fuck him once he'd had another drink. While he did, he'd fantasise about Josh in his bed.

Josh wandered to the next bar, the ouzo making his head swim pleasantly. He chose a stool at the bar and ordered. As he did, he glanced down to the other end and saw Kane engrossed in conversation with a dark-haired man in a white shirt.

Josh froze. He took his drink and sipped, watching. The body language was obvious. Misery consumed him. Where Kane didn't succeed, he tried again. Another man would be warming his sheets tonight. Josh pushed his drink away and climbed off his stool, leaving a few euros. As he did, Kane glanced along the bar and saw him. Josh turned away and left.

In the narrow, bustling street, the heat was oppressive. Josh pushed his way

through, heading away from rather than towards the harbour. As he passed a dark corner, someone grabbed his arm.

“Hey, aren’t you speaking?”

“You had your hands full.”

“No, I didn’t.”

“Looked like it to me.”

“Come on, weren’t you in there for the same reason as me?”

Josh turned to face Kane. “I was there for a drink, not to pick someone up,” he said indignantly.

“Sure.”

“Hey, I don’t give a shit if you believe me or not. I’m not the one who sleeps around. I had a lucky escape with you.”

Kane’s face was in shadow apart from his narrowed eyes. “Lucky? You would have been lucky if I’d fucked you but I didn’t. Your loss.”

Josh slapped him across the face.

Kane propelled him back against the wall, holding his shoulders hard, his face furious.

“I couldn’t help what happened!” Josh cried, grabbing at Kane’s shirt with fists clenched. “I couldn’t help that you made me so hot that I wanted to come. If you had just...given me chance. I didn’t deserve that and I didn’t deserve that you called me a prick.” His voice trembled with anger.

The fury drained from Kane’s face. He cupped Josh’s head tenderly with one hand, leaning close to him. “I know.” His voice was barely a whisper. “I’m sorry I hurt you. I’m sorry I pushed you down like I did.”

Josh swallowed a knot of tears. He put his arms around Kane’s neck and the captain drew him close, holding tight.

Josh finally let go. Kane’s hand brushed his cheek. “Are you okay?”

“Yes. You should go back.”

Kane sighed. “I don’t want to go back. He’s only a substitute for you. That’s all he was.”

Josh stared into the grey eyes. His chest was tight with emotion and desire. Kane’s fingers curled around his neck. He leant down and pressed his lips softly to Josh’s.

The background noise of softly chirping crickets seemed to grow loud as they kissed. It seemed to fill Josh’s head the way Kane filled his senses. His heart pounded in time to their chorus. His hands clutched Kane closer and the kiss deepened until he was breathless.

Kane drew back. One fingertip traced the outline of Josh's lips delicately. "Let's go somewhere."

"What?"

"Let's get a room."

Josh stared. "Don't you have to be back at the ship?"

"I've got my cell. They can reach me. I want to be somewhere private with you. Somewhere where we're not seen."

Kane couldn't be seen sneaking out of Josh's cabin was what he meant, Josh thought sadly. He was a dirty little secret. But he either accepted that or he didn't. The choice was simple. Either he wanted Kane or he didn't.

They walked up the road from the harbour, taking their time, enjoying the night air, looking out for rooms to let. Kane gestured to a sign on the road and they followed it into a secluded courtyard. A white building with balconies covered in glorious pink flowers stood before them.

"I'll go and ask," Kane said. "Wait here."

Josh loitered in the courtyard, watching the fountain before him. The night was still and peaceful, the surroundings undeniably beautiful.

Kane was back within a matter of moments, motioning to Josh to follow him inside. The owner, a middle-aged woman with grey hair pulled tightly into a bun, showed them up the stairs to the first floor and a pretty room overlooking the courtyard. Kane spoke to her in Greek and handed over some money. She beamed at him, closing the door behind her.

"Does she rent by the hour?" Josh asked cynically.

Kane glowered at him. He crossed to close the curtains over the open windows. "I said we might leave early but if you want to stay all night, that's fine by me."

Josh glanced at the bed. It was rare to get a double in Greece. He wondered if Kane had given away their intentions with ease by asking for it specifically.

Kane kicked off his shoes. "Hope you've got your repellent on," he remarked as he unfastened his shirt. "You'll be eaten alive as soon as you take your clothes off."

"I have. And were you talking about the mosquitoes or you?"

Kane grinned. He grabbed Josh in his arms and wrestled him onto the bed. "The latter." He nuzzled Josh's neck. "Mmm, what fragrant cologne you've got on."

"Shut up."

"Are you wearing repellent all over?"

“No.”

“Good, because it tastes nasty. No wonder the skeeters aren’t keen.” He pushed a thigh between Josh’s, pressed carefully down on his hard-on.

Josh stifled a moan. He pulled Kane into a kiss. Kane kissed him demandingly. He rolled over, pulling Josh on top of him, fumbling at his pants until he got them open. Then he slid both hands down the back of them, into his boxers, gripping Josh’s cheeks and grinding him against himself.

Josh gasped and cursed. He thrust a hand between their bodies, into Kane’s groin, rubbing through his pants. Kane arched into his touch. He panted for breath, groaning.

“You’re so fucking hot.”

Josh lifted his head a moment, looking down.

“What’s the matter?”

“Do you really think I’m hot?”

“What? Would I have said it otherwise? Do you think I choose the ugliest guy on the ship when I want to get laid?”

“No, but…”

“Josh.” Kane’s hand smoothed over his cheek. “When we’re done, we need to talk about your self-esteem issues.”

Josh flushed. “Don’t be silly.”

“Hush now. Come here.” Kane drew him down into another kiss. He pushed Josh’s pants and boxers down and manoeuvred him to straddle his hips. Then he took Josh’s cock in his hand and stroked slowly while he watched Josh’s face.

Josh leant back, bucking into Kane’s touch.

“That’s it,” Kane said softly. His other hand fondled Josh’s balls. “I can’t wait to be inside you.”

Josh shuddered with excitement. He got off the bed and stripped naked as quickly as he could. Kane started to follow suit and Josh helped him, yanking his shirt from his arms and pulling off his pants.

The captain lay gloriously naked on the bed, his cock lying rock hard against his belly. Josh crawled over his body, bent his head and took Kane’s cock into his mouth.

Kane hissed in pleasure and clutched at Josh’s head. His cock seemed to throb in Josh’s mouth, and Josh’s dick moved in time. Josh dragged his tongue down Kane’s shaft, sucked his smoothly shaven balls into his mouth, pressed the delicate skin behind them.

Kane cursed. He thrust up and Josh swallowed him again, bobbing swiftly

on him, feeling how Kane trembled beneath him.

“Oh fuck, go in my pants. Get the rubber.”

Josh did as he was told. He reached over to the pile of clothes on the floor, located a condom and lube in Kane’s pocket. He pushed them into his lover’s hand then went back to his task.

Kane put a hand under his chin. “Turn around. I want to blow you too.”

Remembering the last time Kane had blown him and hoping it wouldn’t go the same way, Josh did so, straddling Kane’s head backwards, bending over him to suck him off once more.

Kane fiddled with the lube sachet, tearing it open. Then his wet mouth closed around Josh’s cock and wet fingers probed his ass simultaneously. He shivered. He pressed into Kane’s mouth, groaning around his cock. Kane’s fingers rubbed at his entrance lightly, his touch growing more firm, massaging in the lube and adding more until Josh virtually dripped with it. He pushed one finger inside and then another and Josh panted with excitement. Kane’s cock swelled ever harder in his mouth. The idea of it soon stretching him open made him squirm wantonly over Kane’s face. If he wasn’t careful, he would come soon.

Kane fucked him slowly and deeply with the two fingers. He pressed forward, seeking until he stroked Josh’s prostate and Josh almost shot off the bed. He lifted his head from Kane’s cock, gasping, pushing back against Kane’s touch, fire coating his insides.

“Oh, Jesus, give it to me.”

He felt Kane smile around his cock. He pulled back, laughing softly and gripped Josh by the hips, guiding him around. “Sit on me. I want you to ride me.”

Josh straddled Kane, facing him once more. He watched as his lover rolled on the condom and held his cock at the base, inviting Josh to climb on board. He poised himself above it. He rubbed himself slowly against the head of Kane’s cock, lubricating his way. Kane sucked in his breath. He took hold of Josh’s ass firmly and pressed himself inside. Josh reached down to steady his cock as he slid down the wet length all the way.

The way Kane stretched him open caused such shockwaves to ripple through Josh’s body that he thought he would come immediately. He sat still, eyes shut, groaning with the feel of Kane’s cock inside him.

Kane breathed heavily. His hands kneaded Josh’s cheeks steadily. “Ride me,” he said as he thrust up.

Josh gasped. He ground down on Kane, lifted up until he almost slipped free and pushed down again.

Kane threw his head back, the veins standing out on his flushed neck. "Fuck, fuck..."

Josh braced his hands on Kane's chest. He started to ride him at a swift pace. Kane's hand closed around his cock. He jerked in time with Josh's movements. Josh bucked into his hand and then sank down on his cock. They had a perfect rhythm going as though they'd done this a thousand times before.

He watched Kane's chiselled torso undulate beneath him, his eyes squeezed shut. Kane looked like he was lost in such ecstasy he was no longer inside his own body. Josh marvelled at being the cause of such pleasure.

His orgasm was swiftly rising, and Josh failed in all attempts to force it back. He panted, moans slipping past his lips, nails digging into Kane's chest before the climax consumed him whole.

Head back, spurting endlessly, he shook so hard Kane had to hold him still. Josh rode Kane harder and harder until the waves died away and he regained some semblance of self again.

Anxious to get his lover off, he didn't stop moving, but looked down at Kane to gauge his reaction.

The captain had semen on his chin. Laughter bubbled up inside Josh and erupted.

Kane hissed, clutched his hips hard. "Don't stop."

"I won't." Josh rode him quicker.

"No, I mean, don't stop laughing."

"What?"

"When you laugh it..." Kane groaned as Josh laughed again. "Fuck..." He dug his fingers deliberately in Josh's ribs and set him off again.

Josh squealed, shifting, writhing, somehow keeping his place on Kane's lap as he rode him and Kane tickled him and tickled him. Finally Kane bucked, gave a cry and collapsed back on the bed, cursing.

Josh fell onto him exhausted, still tittering. "I never came on anyone's face before."

Kane put an arm around him. "You can come on my face all you want."

Josh laughed again.

Kane groaned. "Fuck. You've got five minutes until we go again."

Josh eased off his lover. He rolled onto his back and fell instantly asleep.

Chapter Eight

Kane didn't try to wake Josh. He got up, used the bathroom and dressed, going down to reception to hopefully buy some water from their landlady. He was in luck and returned with a chilled bottle. He drank half, then stored the rest in a fridge in the corner. Josh was still asleep. Kane covered him with a sheet, then undressed and slid beneath it too, lying by Josh's side, watching him sleep.

Josh's thick, dusky lashes veiled his eyes and his dark hair was dishevelled. His small, elegant mouth was slightly open.

Kane sighed. Hadn't he told himself not to go there again? Hadn't he told himself Josh was just a fling? But with his lover lying next to him like this, he didn't feel quite the same.

Josh awoke, stretched his limbs and collided with something solid beside him. Opening his eyes, he found himself nose to nose with Kane.

"Good morning," said the captain.

Josh stretched again. Hazy pink light filtered through the thin curtains. The ceiling fan turned lazily. "What time is it?"

"Six."

Kane's hand moved down his back, fingers splayed, lightly stroking. Josh shivered. Kane's grey eyes were fixed on his, studying him.

Josh stared back, uncomfortable. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Kane said. "Why don't you tell me about this man of yours who left you?"

Josh turned onto his back with a sigh. Kane moved over him, pressed some light kisses to his clavicle, looking up at his face. "Did he leave you for another man?"

"Yes."

"Why?" The question was blunt.

"I don't know."

"You must know."

"What the hell is this? The Spanish Inquisition?"

"Hey." Kane slid up, stroking Josh's face with one hand. "I'm not trying to upset you. I just want to know where this lack of self-esteem's come from. This idea that you're not beautiful when you are."

Josh swallowed, turned his head away.

“Did he ever tell you that you were beautiful?”

Josh shook his head, lips pressed tightly together.

“This man he left you for. What did he have that you didn’t?”

This was like opening up the wounds again. Probing the scab to see if it would bleed. And it did.

“Money, a good job, looks.”

“But he wouldn’t have been a better man than you.” Kane watched him unblinkingly, his expression serious.

Josh met Kane’s gaze. “You can’t say that. You don’t know me.”

“I know enough. I’m a good judge of character.”

A slight lip wobble caused Josh to bite it fiercely. He felt dangerously close to tears. Kane kissed his temple softly. “It’s painful for you.”

Josh didn’t reply.

“How long were you together?”

“Five years.”

“A long time. Did you have a house together?”

“Yes. I got it. The mortgage is crippling me.”

“What do you do?”

“I’m a clerk at a law firm.”

“Did you want to do that when you were at school?”

Josh glared at him. “What sort of question is that?”

“What? I’m sure some kid somewhere has once said, ‘Mommy I want to be a clerk at a law firm.’” A smile twitched his sensual mouth.

“Well, I didn’t. I wanted to be a vet but I didn’t have the brains. I’ve hated my working life since I was eighteen. Now you know.”

“I’m sorry.” Kane kissed his temple again. A hand smoothed reassuringly over Josh’s shoulder. “Where are you from?”

“Anchorage.”

“I never met anyone from Alaska before. No wonder you look like you’re dipped in white chocolate.” A grin curved Kane’s lips.

Josh smiled reluctantly.

“That’s more like it. That man of yours was a fool. Just so you know.”

Josh regarded him. He lifted a hand to trace the smooth contour of Kane’s cheek and jaw. Kane leant down and kissed him. His lips were soft and undemanding. They melted Josh to the core.

When Kane drew back, Josh said, “So what about you? Where are you

from?”

“Miami.”

“Nice. How long have you been doing this?”

“Ten years.”

“Wow, that must have been a lot of ass you’ve had on the high seas.”

“You make me sound like a pirate.”

“You are. An ass pirate.”

Kane smiled self-consciously. “You’ve got the wrong idea.”

“Have I?”

“Yeah. I told you it was difficult in this job when I’m away so much, but I don’t go looking for it. If I was found sleeping with a passenger, I’d get into serious trouble.”

“And yet here you are, in a hotel room with one of your passengers.”

Kane touched his lips to Josh’s. “Perhaps you’re worth the risk.”

Josh stared up into his eyes. Kane always knew the right things to say. He wondered if he said this to all the men he slept with. “Can I ask you something?”

“Yes.”

“Have you ever stayed on Patmos with a man before?”

“No. Are you jealous, Josh?”

Josh shook his head. Of course he was jealous. He was jealous of every man Kane had ever laid a finger on.

“Good, because you don’t need to be. I’ve been single for the last ten years.”

Josh frowned. “There’s been no one?”

Kane shrugged. “Sometimes there’s been a guy I’ve met on board and then I’ve hooked up with him during my time off back in the States but it’s never come to anything.” He smiled. “Away from the romance of the ship and the thrill of getting caught, it always fades to nothing.”

This time Kane had said the wrong thing. “That’s it for you, isn’t it? The thrill of getting caught. That’s why you’re here with me.” Josh wriggled out from beneath him, swung his legs over the edge of the bed.

“Hey.” Kane stopped him with a strong hand on his shoulder. “That’s not it at all and you know it’s not. I want you. I would want you back home and I want you here.”

Josh sat with head bowed. Kane knelt behind him. He put one strong arm around Josh’s torso, holding him. His lips pressed to the back of Josh’s neck.

“Don’t do this,” Kane whispered. “I have to leave at eight. Let’s make the

most of it.”

Josh closed his eyes. He sat still as Kane kissed his neck and shoulders, running his hands over his chest. He felt Kane’s erection in his back and he wanted it.

“What say we take a shower?” Kane said into his ear.

Josh got up off the bed. He held his hand out to Kane and led him into the bathroom.

Under an almost ice-cold shower, they washed each other with a bottle of shower gel found on the side of the bath. Kane cupped Josh’s face in his hands, pushed his head back and covered his throat in kisses. Working his way down his body, he dropped to his knees before his mouth enveloped Josh’s stiff cock.

Josh caught his breath and played with Kane’s wet hair while watching the sensual lips stretched around his cock, the thick lashes hiding the grey eyes. Kane fondled his balls with one hand. He sucked Josh off until Josh was on the brink.

He drew back. Gasping, Josh looked down. Kane gripped Josh’s hips and turned him around, pushing him against the wall. Without preamble, he spread Josh open and swept his tongue over him.

Josh’s knees almost buckled. He clawed at the tiles, face pressed against them, panting for breath, groaning loudly.

Kane’s tongue was ruthless. He licked and swiped and tried to burrow inside with the tip of his tongue. He wet Josh until he was running with saliva, until he felt so worked open he was positive Kane could have just slid inside like a knife through butter.

A hand felt under Josh, grasped his cock. Against his ass, Kane said, “Come for me.”

“I...want you inside me.” Josh pushed back against Kane’s steadily licking tongue. “Please.”

Kane sighed. “I can’t. I haven’t got another condom.”

Josh groaned, shuddering, bucking. “I don’t care. Please, Kane.”

“I do. It’s this or nothing, baby. So let’s hear you.” And Kane redoubled his efforts, his velvet soft tongue sliding over Josh’s most sensitive areas, the skin which still smarted from their earlier session but which was soothed by every smooth, wet lick.

Josh howled. He tried to cling to the wall, shaking and only Kane’s strong hands on his hips held him up as he came, crying Kane’s name.

In the aftermath, as he leaned weakly against the wall, Kane took the

shower head and directed it onto him, cleaning away the saliva before he turned Josh around and washed his cock.

Josh focussed on Kane's erection. He took it in his hand, sliding it through his palm. Leaning up, he pressed a kiss to his cheek. "Can I return the favour?" One hand cupped Kane's firm buttock.

Kane hesitated. "I don't know."

"What? You don't like it?"

"I don't mind giving but..."

"You don't like being rimmed?" Josh asked incredulously. "Then you haven't had the right man doing it to you. Turn around." His hands brooked no arguments as he pushed Kane firmly against the wall.

Greedily Josh ran his hands over Kane's firm buttocks, planting kisses before he slowly pulled them apart to look. Kane's entrance was a tight little rosebud. The idea that it had never been fucked made Josh's cock twitch.

He bent closer and put out his tongue, flicking it slowly over the little hole. Kane gave a stifled gasp. He spread his hands against the wall.

Josh ran his tongue lightly down Kane's perineum as far as his balls, sucking a moment before he captured the prize once more, licking the puckered flesh swiftly.

With every lick, Kane jolted in pleasure. Every movement produced a vocal response. Oh, he liked it all right. Why had he been so reluctant?

Josh circled his slick entrance with a finger, rubbing slowly. He thought about pushing it in, fucking Kane with it until he came. The idea of entering Kane, listening to his lover cry out as he was penetrated, got Josh so hard again he could barely focus on his task.

He put his mouth back, licking with an aching tongue, touching himself as he did. He soon realised Kane was jerking off.

Josh stood, looking over Kane's shoulder. He groaned as he watched Kane's hand around his swollen flesh, masturbating expertly. He pressed his cock between his lover's cheeks, rubbing slowly. "I'd love to fuck you."

"I'm sure you would, but I do the fucking," Kane said breathlessly.

"How did I know you'd say that?" Josh continued to rub. He felt the head of his cock sliding over Kane's slick entrance. He pushed slightly, feeling Kane give.

"Stop that," Kane said with a moan.

"I don't want to. I want to feel you open up around my cock." Josh gripped his cock, rubbing slowly and firmly against Kane.

“Fuck...”

“Have you ever been fucked?”

“Yes.”

“Did you like it?”

“Not telling.”

Josh laughed. He bit Kane playfully on the shoulder. “Oh, I’ve got the measure of you. You pretend to be a top but I bet you’d just love to lie there and get your brains fucked out.”

Kane looked over his shoulder. “Why don’t you shut up and put your tongue back in my ass?”

Josh grinned, sliding to his knees once again. He spread Kane open and listened to the fireworks as he licked his lover all the way to heaven.

* * * *

“You came like a hurricane,” Josh remarked as they dressed.

Kane looked over at him. “So did you.”

“I’d like to play with your ass more often. Perhaps on your next day off, you can come to my cabin and let me eat it all day. Or fuck it.”

Kane fastened up his shirt. He smiled but did not reply.

“You’re being coy now.”

“Am I?”

“Yes. Don’t pretend you don’t want it.”

Kane sat on the bed to tie his shoelaces. “Don’t ever ask me to fuck you again without a condom, Josh, and don’t try to fuck me without one. That wasn’t cool.” His tone was low and measured but he was clearly angry.

Josh’s spirits sank. “I’m sorry.”

“Come on, let’s go. We’re going to be late.” Kane grabbed the key and perfunctorily straightened the bed covers. He took the bottle of water out of the fridge and handed it to Josh. “Here.”

Josh opened it and drank thirstily. He followed Kane out of the room and down the stairs. Kane gave the key to reception and spoke again in Greek. Josh turned his face away from the woman’s knowing smile. No doubt they had kept several of their neighbours up during the night.

They left the courtyard and walked onto the road into daylight.

“Are you mad at me?” Josh asked.

“Yes. You should know better. I don’t know where you’ve been and you

don't know where I've been. I'm an ass pirate, remember?"

Josh studied the captain's handsome profile. His shuttered grey eyes contained none of the tenderness he had seen while they had lain in bed together talking. He couldn't help but feel this one night was all Kane ever had in mind. They didn't speak until they had boarded the ship.

"I'll see you later," Kane said as Josh headed towards his cabin.

He turned back, hoping to touch or kiss Kane, but there were passengers milling around them. He nodded and turned away without a word.

Chapter Nine

“Where the hell have you been?” Freddie cried from the neighbouring balcony as Josh stepped out onto his own. “Jesus Christ, we’ve been worried sick. We thought you were dead in a ditch somewhere!”

His concern was touching. Before Josh could speak, Erik butted in.

“You’ve been with *him*, haven’t you?”

Freddie’s jaw dropped open. “Jesus Christ, you’ve laid the captain, you son of a bitch!”

Josh smiled.

“Get your ass over here, we want full details. Positions, number of orgasms and cock size.”

* * * *

“We got a room on the island,” Josh said when he was settled with a cup of coffee. The deck vibrated below them as the ship nosed slowly away from the harbour.

“Oh, my God,” Freddie said. “I can’t believe that while we were frantically knocking on your door, you were getting your brains fucked out.”

“Sorry,” Josh said sheepishly.

Freddie waved him away. “I bet he fucked you until you nearly passed out, didn’t he?”

“Yes.”

“Christ, you lucky, lucky bastard.” Freddie sat on Erik’s knee and squeezed him tight.

“You don’t look as happy as you should,” Erik remarked.

Josh shrugged. “I don’t know if he wants to see me again. I doubt it.”

“Hey, if he doesn’t, he’s a fucking idiot,” Freddie growled.

Josh finished his coffee. “I’m going to lie down. Where are we going today?”

“Leros,” said Erik. “Tiny place, not much to do.”

“Okay, I’ll see you guys a bit later.” Josh climbed over the wall separating their balconies and went into his cabin.

He was surprised to find sleep claimed him quickly once he lay down, and his dreams were filled with Captain Kessler and his wonderful body.

Kane knew he shouldn't revisit last night. He had some concerns about Josh. His lack of self-awareness, his thoughtlessness when it came to safe sex and his seeming jealousy over everyone Kane had ever screwed. He didn't need these complications. Men he normally slept with were in a carefree holiday mode, just looking for the next fuck. Even if they wanted to see him again back in the States, it was usually just for a quick hook-up. Nothing serious ever came of it, just like he'd told Josh. But he could see Josh getting serious quick. He could see him being heartbroken at the end of this cruise and Kane didn't want to be responsible for that.

But he was only a man, and his loins tightened when he thought of Josh. How could he turn down more of the same?

Kane noted Josh was at his usual table with Freddie and Erik at dinner. For the most part, he ignored Kane, just a few meaningful looks darted his way. When Kane finally disentangled himself from the keen ladies at his table, he went out on deck to clear his head and decide whether he was going to present himself at Josh's cabin or not.

Josh had turned down drinks in the bar with Freddie and Erik. The ship had spent the afternoon at Leros and was underway again, next stop Kalymnos. He went back to his cabin with a bottle of ouzo and some 7-Up to make himself a drink. As he was about to go out on the balcony, he heard a knock at the door.

His heart lurched violently. He opened the door with a trembling hand.

"Can I come in?" Kane asked. He still wore his uniform complete with hat.

Josh stepped back. Kane entered and closed the door. Josh took another steadying gulp of alcohol. "What do you want?"

Kane took a moment to respond. "I just wanted to know if you'd be interested in repeating what we did last night."

Josh's pants tightened painfully. He bit his lip, nodding.

"That's good, because I got hold of some more condoms." Kane pulled a box from his pocket. His fingers went to the gold buttons on his tunic.

"No," Josh said. "Leave it on. I want you to fuck me in your uniform."

A slow smile spread over Kane's face. He unwrapped the condom box and took one out, then produced a small tube from his pocket. "Why, Mr Addison,

you've got a uniform fetish."

"You better believe it," Josh said, unfastening his pants. "I bet I'm not the first, nor the last."

"No." Kane moved suddenly. Without warning, he grabbed Josh, spun him around and forced him face first over the arm of the couch.

Josh gasped, wriggling in excitement as Kane yanked his pants and boxers down. He realised then that he could see the two of them reflected in the mirror on the opposite wall. He watched as Kane unfastened his pants and pulled them and his boxers down just far enough.

Josh groaned as Kane fondled himself. He slapped Josh hard on the ass and he flinched, yelling.

"Are you watching in the mirror, you dirty boy?"

"Yes."

Kane slapped him again. "Bad boy. You're going to watch the captain fucking you?"

"Yes, oh God yes, give it to me, Kane."

Kane tore open the condom and rolled it on before he squirted lube on his hand and smoothed it over the latex. Gripping Josh's hips, he rested his cock neatly between his cheeks.

"Oh God," Josh moaned, jerking off. "Please."

Kane rubbed himself slowly back and forth, lubricating Josh's entrance. He pressed forward into Josh's backside. Using the mirror, Josh watched the captain's cock vanishing into his body. He cried out, gripping a cushion, burying his face into it.

"Watch me fucking you, Josh."

Josh groaned, lifting his head, watching the tall uniformed man holding his hips while he plundered his ass. Oh fuck, wet dreams didn't come any better than this. Kane thrust slickly into his depths over and over again, the pace punishing, driving Josh to ecstasy within minutes.

"Please, please..." He clutched at the cushion, pushing back against Kane, watching in the mirror the masterful way his partner held him, fucking him relentlessly.

"Say what you want."

"Make me come, please."

A rough hand took hold of him, jerking Josh firmly. Kane pressed even harder into him. "Like this?"

"Yes, harder, Kane, harder."

Kane growled. His hand squeezed one ass cheek furiously, fingers digging in. He pounded Josh until Josh didn't think he could take anymore.

"Harder!" He screamed as Kane took him over the edge, and he felt by Kane's shudders and jerky thrusts that they came at the same time. Josh collapsed onto the couch, gasping for breath.

"Jesus." Kane's hand smoothed over his smarting buttock. "Do you always like it so rough?"

"No." Josh hurt so badly he could barely move. He glanced into the mirror again, seeing the captain still embedded. He groaned as Kane shifted, took off his condom and went into the bathroom. Josh crawled full length onto the couch and lay still.

Kane came out of the bathroom. He sat beside Josh and smoothed a hand over his bare backside. "You're going to have a bruise. I'm sorry."

"Don't be. I wanted it."

"And I'm not sure I liked giving it. I hurt you." Kane pressed his lips to Josh's hair.

"I said it's okay. I wanted it like that."

Kane sighed. "I should go."

Josh turned over as Kane stood. He pulled his pants and boxers up with difficulty but he didn't try to stand. It was too painful.

Kane looked down at him. He bit his lip and shook his head.

"Do you have to go so soon?"

"Yeah, I do, Josh. I can't stay after what I just did to you." Kane left the cabin, closing the door behind him.

Chapter Ten

Josh might have had regrets over the rough sex but not so much that he didn't jerk off first thing when he woke up next morning. His aching body complained as he dragged it into the shower. He was bruised on both buttocks, livid finger marks visible on his pale flesh. To cap it all, a row of mosquito bites marked his left thigh and he scratched at them until they bled.

Had the masochist in him come out last night? He had never begged anyone to hurt him that way and never loved it so much. Kane had played along in the heat of the moment but was swift to regret his violence.

All Josh's insistence had done was put him out of action for the next couple of days. Not the best move when he was trying to get as much of the captain as he possibly could.

* * * *

"You're walking like John Wayne," Freddie noted at breakfast. "The captain must have docked in your harbour last night."

Erik cackled. Josh rolled his eyes. It was a good job they hadn't been next door to listen to Josh begging Kane to hurt him. "He did."

"Good man. I hope he gave it to you good."

"He did. Too good."

Freddie cocked his head, regarding him a moment. "Did you want it like that?"

"Yes."

"Then what's the problem?"

"He...felt bad after."

Freddie shook his head. "Shit, Josh. Whatever you do in bed with your man, if it's consensual, no one should feel bad about it after."

"I know."

"I'll speak to him. Tell him you're a dirty little whore who can't get enough and he should just punish your ass for the rest of the vacation."

Josh hurled a bread roll across the table at him. It bounced onto the neighbouring table, much to the disapproval of the patrons.

“Food fights are not encouraged on board.” A tall figure loomed over the table.

Josh looked up and was reduced to a babbling idiot as usual. He couldn’t get the image in the mirror out of his mind.

“It was *his* fault,” he told Kane.

“You saw him do it, Captain,” Freddie said. “What’s the punishment? An evening in the stocks? Six of the best from the cat o’ nine tails? Walking the plank?” He grinned.

Kane flushed a little. He looked down at Josh with steely eyes. “There will be a punishment,” he said. “Come to my cabin, number eleven on the top deck, at twelve noon.”

Josh’s mouth fell open.

Freddie gasped and clapped his hands in excitement as the captain walked away. “Oh you lucky, lucky bastard.”

* * * *

Josh should have been exploring Kalymnos with Freddie and Erik but he cared rather more about being satisfied by the captain, no matter how sore he was. He found the cabin on the top deck and knocked with trepidation.

Kane answered it in a bath robe, his hair wet. “Come in.”

The cabin was sumptuous, as was to be expected, the living room twice as big as Josh’s, the bathroom fitted with shower and Jacuzzi. Once Josh had walked around, taking everything in, he sat down on the couch.

“So,” he asked nervously. “Are you really going to punish me?”

“Yes, you were throwing bread rolls around the dining room.”

“Yes, but...didn’t you punish me last night?” Josh was half afraid, half excited.

“That was on your terms, this is on mine.” The captain drew a red silk scarf out of his pocket and stretched it slowly between his hands.

Josh smothered a whimper.

“Go into the bedroom, take your clothes off and lie down on the bed.”

Josh didn’t think about arguing. He did as he was told. He lay shivering under the cool air of the rotating ceiling fan, wondering what Kane was doing.

Kane sat on the couch for a moment, listening to Josh moving about in the bedroom. He had thought long and hard last night and resigned himself to the

fact that he'd hurt Josh because Josh had wanted the rough sex. Now he wanted to dominate Josh again, but with more control. With no chance of hurting him. He stood up and shed his robe.

Kane walked into the room naked and half-hard. Josh gulped.

"You left the condoms and lube last night." Josh gestured to the bedside table.

"Thanks. Turn over. Let me see your ass."

Josh did as he was told. Kane's hand smoothed over his backside. "That must be sore."

"A bit."

Kane spread his cheeks apart. "And here?"

Josh squirmed in his grip. "Yes."

"Think you could stand something inside you?"

Josh bit his lip in excitement. "I don't know."

"Well, we'll see. I'm going to tie you up now."

Josh moaned helplessly.

"I see the idea appeals to you."

"Yes."

"Turn over."

Josh did so. He lifted his arms willingly as Kane knelt over him, sliding the silk around his wrists, attaching him securely to the wrought iron bed frame. He lay there in submission, sure he had never been so turned on in his life.

Kane opened the bed side drawer and withdrew a small, dark bottle. "I'm going to give you a massage."

Josh grinned in delight as Kane took the top off the bottle. He tilted it, pouring oil down Josh's torso. The scents of jasmine and patchouli filled the air. Kane rubbed his hands together. He straddled Josh and started at his shoulders, strong, firm strokes, kneading the flesh until Josh groaned in satisfaction.

"Your muscles are very tight."

"I know."

"Seems like a massage is long overdue." Kane started on his chest.

"Yes. Listen, Kane, about last night..."

Kane caught his eye. "Do we have to talk about last night?"

"Yes. I don't want you to feel bad for hurting me."

"Josh, I hit you. I left bruises on you."

"Come on, it was playing. It happens. I wanted it."

Kane massaged in silence. He started on Josh's left arm, rolling the biceps slowly between his hands.

"I thought you wouldn't come back."

Kane sighed. He stroked his hands down Josh's sides. "I had to."

"Why?" Josh almost held his breath for the answer.

"Because I want you."

Josh swallowed. "Untie me, I want to touch you."

"No."

Josh pulled at his bonds in frustration. "Then at least kiss me."

Kane smiled. He leant down over Josh and kissed him tenderly, blowing away all his anxiety and leaving only need. He sat back, kneading Josh's abdomen and hips. Josh watched him with the blood in his veins like molten lava. Kane *wanted* him. He wanted him. Josh was the luckiest man alive.

Kane shifted back. He pushed Josh's knees apart and knelt between them, starting to work on one thigh, ignoring the cock lying hard against Josh's belly. Josh stared at Kane's arousal, at the pearly drop glistening on the end, wishing he could taste.

He sighed, closing his eyes as Kane hitched Josh's leg over his own shoulder and rubbed his calf. "That's so good."

"Thank you." He bent Josh's knee back towards his chest and massaged the back of his thigh. His fingers massaged higher until they stroked Josh's buttock gently. He shivered. With his legs spread and one in the air, Kane had full access and seemed intent on exploiting it.

Oiled fingers slid into the crease of Josh's buttocks, sliding smoothly down his cleft until they fluttered over his entrance.

Josh caught his breath.

"You tell me if it hurts," Kane said. "I'll stop."

Josh nodded. Kane tipped some more oil onto his hand. He worked it over his fingers and went back to stroking between Josh's legs. His index finger rubbed the oil in purposefully. Josh cursed softly under his breath as it slid inside.

"Is that okay?"

"Yes."

Kane leant down. His mouth closed around the head of Josh's cock, sucking gently.

"Fuck. Oh Christ, Kane, that's good."

The finger pushed further inside, cocked forward, touched his prostate

lightly. Kane slid down, taking almost all of Josh into his mouth.

Josh bucked at the twin pleasures, groaning. Kane lifted Josh's leg off his shoulder. He made sure Josh's knees were still up and apart and he continued to stroke with an infinitely delicate touch.

Josh arched on the bed. His cock felt swallowed by velvet softness and each tap of Kane's finger against his prostate made his tool jolt. He writhed and moaned. He told Kane breathlessly he was going to come and he expected Kane to stop, but Kane didn't, he only kept sucking and stroking, his mouth and his finger so gentle until finally, Josh let go.

He came, clenching Kane's finger, spurting into his mouth. Kane didn't stop sucking until the waves died away.

Josh was almost comatose. "You shouldn't have done that," he mumbled.

"Why not?"

"Because now I'm good for nothing."

Kane laughed shortly. "We'll see about that." He slid up Josh's oiled body and Josh realised his intentions as Kane knelt, straddling Josh's head with both knees. He opened his mouth willingly and Kane pushed his cock inside.

He looked at the captain's pleasure-filled face as he sucked, his cock twitching with excitement once again. He thought of the next time Kane would fuck him and the fantasy was too arousing to bear. God, he couldn't wait. He pulled at his bonds, wanting to touch Kane's ass, bring him closer.

Kane ignored him. He thrust into Josh's mouth and Josh lay still, letting the captain fuck his mouth to his heart's content. Kane felt behind him into Josh's groin. "You're hard again."

Josh nodded, mouth full.

Kane smiled down at him a moment then slowly, deliberately, he shuffled around until he was facing Josh's feet. A moment later, he lowered his ass onto Josh's face, almost smothering him.

Josh cursed in delight. He thrust his tongue between Kane's buttocks, licking frantically, straining against his bonds in desperation. And he felt Kane's hands slide beneath his buttocks, lifting his legs in the air and then Kane was rimming him too.

Josh squealed and squirmed. Kane's firm hands held him still. He shuddered as Josh probed his entrance, leaving it slick with saliva, working him open with the tip of his tongue.

Kane's tongue soothed Josh's soreness and aroused him so desperately he knew another orgasm was looming. Kane moved back. He pushed his cock into

Josh's mouth again and Josh sucked with greed. The thick shaft made his jaw ache, but Josh never wanted to stop. He rattled the headboard, moaning around Kane's cock, thrusting his hips against his tongue.

Kane stopped kissing Josh's hole and leaned towards the bedside table. Josh grunted in disappointment but continued to suck him off.

"It's okay, I've got something for you." Plastic rattled and lube was slicked...on what? Then Kane lay back over him. He pushed Josh's legs wide apart, licked him one more time and then slid a small, hard object slowly into him.

Josh came instantly. He clenched around the object over and over again, spurting onto Kane with no touch to his cock, crying out in his ecstasy.

Kane groaned. He pulled free from Josh's mouth and jerked off over Josh's torso while one hand continued to fuck Josh with the object until he begged Kane to stop. Semen splattered Josh's chest before Kane rested on him, breathing heavily.

Josh's limbs were leaden. No one had ever made him come with such intensity as Kane did, every time. His arms ached. Kane shifted off Josh's chest, sticky with come. He slid the object free and Josh looked down as it thudded onto the bed. A small glass dildo, half the size of Kane himself.

Kane knelt over Josh and unfastened his wrists before disappearing into the bathroom. Josh lay back, eyes closed. Christ, Kane was going to fuck him to death, he was sure of it.

* * * *

A kiss on the head stirred him. A warm, wet cloth rubbed his body, cleansing him. Josh stretched luxuriously and saw Kane putting his uniform on.

"Where are you going?"

"I have to get back to the bridge. I'm sorry."

"Oh, okay." Josh sat up, cast around for his clothes. "Where are we going to next?"

"Corfu. If you want to stay here until I come back, you can."

Surprised, Josh said, "You just want me on tap for when you come back, you sex maniac."

Kane grinned. "How did you guess?" He bent and pecked Josh on the mouth. "See you later."

Josh lay back and watched Kane, who put on his shoes at the door, then

turned and saluted Josh smartly before he went.

Josh smiled to himself. Here he was, lying in the captain's bed. It didn't get much better than this.

Chapter Eleven

A body sliding against his woke Josh. A mouth touched his ear. "Do you know what time it is? You're a lazy, lazy boy."

Josh grunted. "What of it? This is my vacation. And besides, I was keeping your bed warm."

"Good, I'm very grateful. Even if it's still eighty degrees outside."

Josh smiled. He turned over into Kane's arms. "Miss me?"

"Of course. I'm steering the ship while thinking about sitting on your face."

Josh cuddled into Kane's chest. "That's what I like to hear."

"I thought you might still be here so I've ordered room service if that's good with you. No meat, of course. The only meat you take is the captain's."

"Don't you forget it."

"Of course you'll have to hide when it's delivered."

Josh scowled. "Don't worry, I'll go under the bed like your dirty little secret."

Kane ignored the jibe. "You won't fit under there. You'll have to go in the closet."

There was a knock on the door. "Right on cue."

Josh slid from the bed. Instead of the closet, Kane bundled him unceremoniously into the bathroom and closed the door. He heard voices before silence fell. He plucked Kane's robe from the back of the door and slipped it on before he exited.

Kane glanced over his shoulder, busy opening a bottle of wine. "Come and sit down." In the corner was a small table and chairs. Josh took a seat and waited while Kane put the dishes from the silver trolley onto the table.

"For you, sir." He revealed a nut roast with vegetables.

"Very nice. What are you having?"

Kane lifted the lid from another dish. "The same." He poured Josh some wine.

"I'm impressed."

"Are you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I always like to impress you, Josh."

Josh felt himself blush. He fiddled with the napkin on his lap. At the

moment he felt like a schoolboy with a hopeless crush and he was sure it must show on his face.

“A toast.” Kane lifted his glass. “To you.”

Josh clinked his glass against Kane’s and struggled to keep the smile on his face. At Kane’s words, something had come crashing down. The stark reality was that this was over in eight days. How did he go back to Anchorage with nothing but his memories?

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.” Josh put a forkful of nut roast into his mouth but didn’t taste it.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“What are you thinking about?”

Josh shook his head. “You don’t want to know.”

Kane sat back in his chair with his wine. “Okay then, I’ll fill in the gaps. You’re thinking about going home.”

Josh pushed his chair back. “Listen, I’ve got to go.”

Kane caught his wrist. “Stay.”

“No. I need to get back. I’m sorry.” Josh went into the bedroom to dress. Kane didn’t follow him in.

When he came back out, Kane held out the covered plate to him. “Take your dinner with you.”

Josh didn’t want it, but took it out of politeness. He leant down to kiss Kane on the forehead. “Goodnight.”

Kane didn’t reply. Josh let himself out.

* * * *

They docked at Corfu the next afternoon. Josh disembarked with Freddie and Erik to explore the old fortress town. At a jeweller’s, Freddie and Erik bought each other matching rings and had them engraved with each other’s names. They sat down to dinner outside a restaurant, beneath vines busily buzzing with mosquitoes, where Freddie asked Josh to spill the beans. He told the two of them that he couldn’t get involved any further with the captain, that thinking about going home had ruined their evening together last night.

Freddie was furious. “You listen to me right now. You take what pleasure you can get in this miserable life. If you can fuck the captain for fourteen days not six, then you fucking do it. Regret nothing, sweetheart, *nothing*. Do you hear

me?”

Josh didn't speak. He spent the rest of the meal getting drunk until Freddie and Erik had to support him back onto the ship.

Staggering along the deck, they encountered Kane.

“Why, Captain Kessler,” Josh cried. “Would you care to dance?” He put his arms around Kane's neck, swaying sinuously against his body.

Kane pushed Josh away from him, eyes flashing. “Passengers are required to conduct themselves with a modicum of decorum,” he said stiffly, clearly for the ears of passers-by.

“Of course they are,” Josh shot back. “Whereas the captain can screw his way around the Med to his heart's content.”

Kane shoved him. Josh slid onto the deck in an untidy heap. The captain walked away.

“Well done,” Erik pulled him to his feet. “You just fucked that one up good and proper.”

* * * *

“Are you hung over?”

Bright sunshine spilled into the cabin and Josh squinted at Freddie. “Yes.”

“Good. You fucking deserve it after the way you carried on last night. We're going on a boat trip to Kassiope. Are you coming?”

“When?”

“An hour. We can pick up breakfast on the way.”

Josh reluctantly assented. It would do no good to stay on the ship and wallow in his misery.

“I don't really remember what happened,” he said as he sat on the boat facing Freddie and Erik. Slowly they nosed away from Corfu harbour and into the glittering blue beyond.

“I don't believe you,” Freddie said. “What was all that shit about screwing his way around the Med? I thought you were over that? It's *you* he wants.”

Josh didn't speak. He had decided not to tangle any further with the captain.

The pretty harbour town of Kassiope was bustling with tourists. They ate lunch at a restaurant directly overlooking the water, then sunbathed on the rocky beach. As Josh lay under the sun's merciless glare, he thought about Kane's hands and mouth all over his body. He stiffened so quickly that he had to turn over onto his front.

Later in the afternoon, they caught a bus down the coast to the tiny village of Kalami. Erik had been here during the nineties, 'having a nervous breakdown', but wanted to revisit it. As they walked down the village's one and only road, he shook his head sadly. "None of this was here when I came. Look at it, crawling with tourists. Ruined."

But he became more excited as they turned the corner. "Here's the White House. Lawrence Durrell lived here and later wrote *Prospero's Cell* about Corfu."

This was worth a picture because, although Josh hadn't read that one, he had read Gerald Durrell's *My Family and Other Animals* and loved it. He took out his camera, snapped a picture of the house alone and then got Freddie and Erik on one before asking a local strolling by to take one of all three of them.

They walked up the road and then made their way down a hill, stumbling over tree roots all the way, while Erik insisted his favourite beach was below. The shore was stony, but the water was crystal clear and only a few people were around.

They all stripped down to their shorts and went in. Josh floated on his back, squinting up at the sky through sunglasses. He wished Kane was here and cursed himself. Thinking about the man in this idealistic way after knowing him only eight days! Josh was nothing to him, just a stranger the captain liked to fuck. Why couldn't he accept that and enjoy what time he had left with Kane?

"I'm an idiot," he said aloud.

"We know," said Erik and Freddie.

* * * *

They caught a late bus back to Corfu Town, sleepy and sandy. "We're cutting it fine," Erik said, looking at his watch as they pulled into the bus station. "The ship's leaving in five minutes."

"It'll be right," said Freddie.

But when they reached the port in the old part of town, the ship was ablaze with light and passengers lined the railings. Josh frowned as he saw the captain himself standing at the top of the gangplank.

"Shit," Erik muttered, pushing Josh ahead. "This doesn't look good."

They walked straight into Kane's fury. "Where the hell have you three been?" He was almost incandescent with rage, flushed, his eyes glittering savagely.

“What?” Freddie said innocently. “We’re only ten minutes late.”

“An hour and ten minutes!” Kane cried. “I’ve done head count, I’ve sent men out into town, we’re likely to miss our slot in Kefalonia now thanks to you jokers!”

Josh shrank back, blushing in humiliation as Kane’s wrath turned on him. “Well?”

“We thought it was nine.”

“Well, it was fucking eight! Read your goddamn itinerary!” Kane turned on his heel and swept away.

“Fuck it,” muttered Freddie, returning the glares of his fellow passengers as they walked down to their cabin.

* * * *

They ate dinner enduring the displeased stares of the other diners, with no sign of Kane at his table. The liner was swift to get underway; the three men were equally swift to leave the dining room.

“Come on, let’s have some margaritas at the cabin.” Freddie linked Erik and Josh’s arms as they walked along deck.

Josh spotted a familiar figure standing alone, the sea breeze blowing his black hair. He hesitated a moment, then took the plunge. “I’ll catch up with you.”

Erik and Freddie glanced at the captain and moved along. Josh waited until some passengers had passed and then approached behind the captain.

“I’m sorry, Kane.”

Kane’s shoulders stiffened. He turned around. “What for? For almost losing me my job because you’re a jealous, bitter little asshole who can’t recognise a cheap holiday fling for what it is?”

Josh’s jaw fell open. He swung his fist, but Kane caught him by the arm, spun him around and twisted it up behind his back. “Move,” he said, shoving Josh forward through a metal door.

Josh almost fell down a flight of stairs, so poorly was the room lit. Kane marched him along, arm twisted painfully the whole while, into a boiling hot, clanking underground dungeon. The engine room.

He shoved Josh against a metal post and held him there, wrists pinned above his head. “This is the last time. I’m going to give you something to remember me by when you’re jerking off in Alaska.” And the silk scarf came

out, tying his wrists much tighter than the previous day in Kane's bed.

"Let me go, asshole!" Josh growled, even as excitement streaked through his veins.

"Not a chance." Kane swiftly unfastened Josh's pants, dragged them and his boxers down before he pulled himself free.

Josh turned his head, watching Kane roll a condom on. He groaned as Kane lubricated himself perfunctorily and shoved Josh's feet apart.

He pressed hard between Josh's buttocks, pushing himself deep. Josh howled and bucked against him, taking more.

"Fuck, fuck, you bastard..." Josh could plead reluctance all he wanted. He fucking loved this sort of scenario. It was something out of his fantasies.

"No one'll hear you down here, Josh, so forget it," Kane said against his ear.

"I hate you," Josh spat as Kane fucked him into the post and Josh's cock got harder and harder and harder.

"Sure you do."

Kane held onto his wrists. His mouth bit at Josh's neck. Josh cursed and whined. He panted for breath, deep shudders racking his body.

"You going to come for me?" Kane said into his ear. "I love it when you squeeze my cock in orgasm."

"Touch me," Josh gasped out.

"No."

"Please."

"No, I can make you come without touching you. I proved that with the dildo last night."

Josh ground his teeth. He pushed back on Kane's cock, riding it desperately. "Fuck, fuck, Kane..."

He came as Kane said he would, lacing the metal post with copious white, bucking forward to rub his cock against the cold surface, humping it.

Kane grabbed a handful of his hair. He dragged Josh's head back and sank his teeth into his throat as he gave a few more hard thrusts before he came to a shuddering halt.

Josh whimpered, gasping for breath. Kane let him go and Josh slid to the floor, still tethered to the post, wet through with sweat.

He looked up, watching Kane tuck himself away. "I'm still sorry," he said. "For what it's worth."

"I'm sorry too," Kane said as he bent over him, untying the scarf and pulling it free. "Sorry I ever met you."

He turned and walked back up the steps. The heavy door swung shut with a baleful clang.

Chapter Twelve

When Josh woke up the next morning, they had docked at Kefalonia, the morning dazzlingly bright, the harbour bustling beyond. Josh lay back. The famous site of a wonderful love story. Just what he needed. A knocking sounded at the door. It had to be Freddie and Erik and he couldn't bear to see them. Josh pulled the sheet over his head.

"Can I speak to you, Captain?"

Kane turned around, excusing himself from a knot of passengers. "I'm not interested, Freddie," he said tightly.

"This will only take a minute. The reason we were late had nothing to do with Josh, I want you to know that. It was Erik and I who got the time wrong, not him. He didn't have a clue either way, he just went along with us. Don't think he did it on purpose to get back at you for anything because that's not his style. He wouldn't be so cruel."

"Are you done?"

Freddie's mouth tightened. "Yeah, I'm done." He flounced away down the deck leaving Kane watching.

He sighed, looking out over the beauty of Kefalonia's sunny harbour. That interlude in the engine room had been another encounter with Josh that shouldn't have happened, not since Kane had sworn off him for good after the Corfu debacle. And the night before that, when he had decided Josh was way too involved. It had to stop. But did he want it to?

He found Josh down by the pool. He lay in the shade of an umbrella on his side. Something about the lines of his body suggested exhaustion and apathy. Kane noticed red welts on both wrists and his stomach tightened with regret. He hovered a moment, steeling himself before he sat down on the bed next to Josh.

Josh wasn't wearing sunglasses. His dark green eyes flickered over Kane for a moment before he looked away, towards the ground.

"Listen, I accept that you weren't late to the ship on purpose. I was wrong to accuse you." He kept his voice low, mindful of other passengers. "But that other stuff, the drunkenness, the way you behaved in public, I'm still angry about that, Josh. I'm still angry that you'd risk my job that way. I know it's my fault. I shouldn't have gone near you. You're damaged and looking for something I

can't give you. I'm sorry. We can't be together again."

He waited for Josh to speak. Josh lay motionless. He showed no signs that he'd even heard. Kane got up and walked away.

* * * *

Josh went ashore with Freddie and Erik for an early dinner, trying his best to be sociable. Neither of his friends commented on the welts on his wrists or the bruising to his neck. The memory of last evening still aroused him violently. Had he goaded Kane into delivering such rough love because it was so good? He imagined Kane taking him down to the engine room again, leaving him tethered to the post all day, coming back once an hour to fuck Josh senseless.

Now all he had were his fantasies. The captain was done with him.

* * * *

From Kefalonia to Crete seemed a long journey, but Josh preferred to be at sea. He liked the comforting undulations of the ship as he lay in bed, enjoying the soft rocking that lulled him to sleep. He dreamed of Kane on the bridge, standing over the controls, in charge of their route. But Josh remembered what Kane had said about his relationships during the last ten years. How he had met up with passengers he'd liked and how the attraction had fizzled into nothing. Josh found that he felt sorry for Kane. Obviously he liked this life or he wouldn't do the job, but he had sacrificed an important part of happiness. He would never truly be intimate with anyone as long as he was at sea.

And hadn't Josh hoped deep down that he would be one of the lucky ones Kane would visit after the event? And hadn't he fantasised that he would be the one Kane continued to want? Of course he had. Ludicrous. Kane had already made it clear that it was the danger and thrill of illicit love that kept him hooked. Without that, Kane found no excitement at all.

* * * *

Fancy dress night on the ship featured Greek dancers and lots of plate smashing. Freddie went as a woman of ancient Greece; apparently he liked to get into drag at every opportunity. He wore a toga and golden sandals, his face

elaborately made up. Erik accompanied him in matching costume minus the drag. The two had forced Josh into a bed sheet, planted a crown of golden vines on his head and a pair of angel's wings on his back, declaring him their own variation on a Greek god. The bed sheet constantly threatened to slip off and leave him in his underwear but he attracted curiosity and attention from both women and men as he walked to the dining hall.

Kane was an anomaly amongst the fancy dress in his tuxedo but a striking one. He sat at his table with his usual crowd of bejewelled hangers-on and stared none too discreetly as Josh walked in.

"Did you see that?" Freddie nudged Josh as they took their places. "His tongue was virtually hanging out."

Josh shook his head but of course he'd noticed. He preferred to tell himself that Kane stared because he thought Josh looked like a dick. His angel's wings chafed around his armpit. He fiddled with them, adjusting the elastic.

Freddie leaned over to him. "Don't touch your eyes," he scolded, swiping with a finger, "your guyliner's already smudged."

Freddie had lined Josh's eyes dramatically in black and swept golden glitter around and beneath them, trailing away into his hairline. His lips were slicked with sweet-tasting gloss. His body was rubbed with a subtle shiny glow that smelt of chocolate. He was a sitting target for the mosquitoes.

A man at the next table smiled at him, a man Josh hadn't noticed all holiday and who appeared to be with his wife. Josh looked away uncomfortably and noticed a woman at the captain's table also smiling at him.

He looked away and met Kane's gaze. Kane didn't break the eye contact. He kept his grey eyes on Josh and something ignited in the pit of his stomach, some wild excitement that drowned him in arousal. Kane still found him desirable. Was Josh going to act on that and try to win Kane back for the remaining four days or was he going to accept what Kane had told him?

His attention was distracted by loud music starting up, a dancer clicking his heels on the floor in rhythmic time. The main event was starting. A waiter went around handing out special plates, inviting the passengers to smash them.

The dancer gestured at the captain's table and Kane stood and threw the first plate, hurling it into the middle of the dance floor with what looked like a degree of satisfaction. The music got louder and faster; passengers flooded onto the floor to dance and smash plates.

Josh looked at Kane once more and was rewarded with a small, almost fond smile. *He won't forget me*, he thought sadly. *When this is over, there'll be the*

tinest space in his memories for me. The idea kept him warm.

Freddie and Erik whirled him around the dance floor. People touched his wings and cooed while Josh held onto his slipping bed sheet, sliding about on bits of broken plates.

He found himself against the captain's broad chest. Kane touched Josh's bare shoulder briefly in the melee, stroked one wing before he let go. Josh trembled and the bed sheet slipped.

He was standing in his boxers in the middle of the dance floor.

Passengers cheered and whistled. For a moment Josh froze. Then he carried on dancing in his boxers, sandals and angel's wings.

* * * *

At the end of dinner, workers swept the floor while the music became more sedate. Freddie, Erik and Josh returned breathlessly to their places and Freddie helped Josh secure his bed sheet again.

"Think the captain will throw me off his ship for being a blatant exhibitionist?" Josh asked his two friends.

"Not when he was a blatant voyeur," Erik replied, gesturing across the room to where, even now, Kane watched Josh.

Kane rose, took the hand of a lady at his table and led her onto the dance floor. Josh scowled, his earlier happiness forgotten. He poured himself some more wine and tried not to look.

* * * *

Later, as waiters cleared the tables and passengers filed out, Josh found Kane some distance down the deck, looking out to sea. Freddie and Erik went up to the bar on the next level and Josh promised he would join them. For now though, he wanted to stand and look at the elegant lines of Kane's body in his perfectly fitted tuxedo.

Kane soon looked over his shoulder, the sea breeze blowing his raven hair. "Peeping Tom."

"I might say the same to you," Josh replied.

"Well, it's not my fault you look exactly like I always imagined a real angel would look."

A lump formed in Josh's throat, and an ache made itself known in his chest. "What, wearing a bed sheet and guyliner?" he said glibly.

Kane laughed softly. "Something like that."

"You flatter me."

"You deserve to be flattered. You deserve..." Kane broke off. He looked back out to sea.

"It was a good night," Josh said.

"Yes, it was."

Josh hesitated in the silence. In the distance a passing ship's lights shone on the inky water and a distant horn sounded. "On those nights you've danced with the ladies on your table, I've watched you and wished that I could ask you to dance. That I could take your hand and lead you to the dance floor and be the envy of every person on this ship."

Kane didn't speak.

"Goodnight, Kane."

"Goodnight, Josh."

Josh didn't go up to the bar, but back to his own cabin. He poured a drink, stopping when he caught sight of himself in the mirror. Never having considered himself an attractive man, he looked at the glitter on his face, the curves of his half-exposed body and wondered what had so drawn everyone's attention tonight. And what had drawn Kane's for the last ten days. Could he be as beautiful as Freddie and Erik had said? Could he be as desirable as Kane obviously found him? He shook his head. Now was not the time to behave like Narcissus even if they were in Greece.

He took his drink out onto the balcony and leaned against the railing, softly swaying to the distant music he heard coming from the bar.

A knock sounded at the door, probably Freddie and Erik come to find out where he was.

When Josh opened the door, Kane stood there holding a small, portable CD player. "Come on," he said briskly, walking into the cabin.

Josh closed the door and followed. "What are you doing?"

Kane went onto the balcony, set down the CD player and pressed the play button. The opening notes of a soft ballad filled the night air. Kane settled down in a deck chair. "Well?" he asked Josh expectantly. "Aren't you going to ask me to dance?"

Josh's heart took flight. Smiling, he held out his hand. "Captain, may I have the pleasure of this dance?"

“You may.” Kane rose gracefully. He took Josh into his arms, holding one hand close against his own chest. Josh closed his eyes and melted away.

Josh couldn’t dance but Kane led him expertly around the balcony, not commenting when Josh stepped on his toes, only holding him closer, his warm breath against Josh’s temple.

The dance seemed to go on forever. Their bodies seemed to fit together perfectly like a jigsaw puzzle. Like the way they had in bed. Josh hoped he would remember this moment of perfection forever.

As the song faded away, Kane tilted Josh’s chin up and kissed him. Josh’s heart hammered with passion. He held onto Kane as though he would disappear as suddenly as he had arrived. Kane lifted him, hands under his backside and Josh wrapped his legs around him as Kane carried him into the cabin.

Kane lay him down on the bed. He switched on the bedside lamp, its pearly glow illuminating the handsome planes of his face. He sat back, unfastened Josh’s bed sheet and let it fall free. Josh arched under his touch as Kane’s hand slid down his body, stroking.

“Are you sure about this?” Josh asked nervously.

“No. Are you?”

Josh shook his head.

Kane swallowed. He looked unhappy. “We could just lie here,” he said and dropped to Josh’s side. His fingers found Josh’s, squeezed gently.

“We could,” Josh said, turning into his body.

Kane put an arm around him and held him close, his mouth pressed to Josh’s hair. “You were adorable tonight,” he whispered. “My angel.”

* * * *

Josh awoke suddenly to darkness, the fleeting remains of a dream on the edge of his consciousness. His heart beat furiously and he was covered in clammy sweat.

“Bad dream?” A mouth pressed to his naked shoulder.

Josh nodded. He was curled on his side beneath the sheet, Kane naked behind him, holding him close with one arm. The lamp was out. Josh’s sandals and angel wings were gone.

“It’s okay, I’m here.” Kane’s mouth touched the edges of his hair, trailed over his ear. His hand stroked around in light circles on Josh’s abdomen.

Josh slid into heady desire. His eyes closed and he stretched under Kane’s

touch, shuddering. Kane pressed closer, his kisses firmer, more passionate. His erection rested against Josh's backside.

Josh pulled his boxers down, lifted one knee, reached back to grasp Kane's cock.

Kane groaned. He gripped Josh's hip, pushing against his entrance, his hand sliding into Josh's groin. Josh panted for breath. Kane seemed about to take him dry and with no condom. Kane's cock opened him, a delicious sting. He cried out as he was penetrated and Kane held still a moment, the head of his cock inside. His body trembled against Josh's.

Then he drew out and rolled over, swinging his legs over the bed, bending to something on the floor, searching in the darkness. Josh waited as he heard the familiar rustling of foil, the slick of liquid.

Kane came back to him once more. Wet fingers smoothed over his entrance, rubbing sensually. Josh gasped and his head dropped back against Kane's shoulder as Kane speared him in one slide, right to the hilt.

Kane leaned over him, mouth to his cheek. His fingers closed around Josh's cock. Josh turned his head and their lips met fiercely. Josh gasped into the kiss as Kane fucked him, their flesh sticking together and peeling apart noisily. Kane sucked on his tongue. His hand ran up and down Josh's torso, his fingers rubbing and pinching at his nipples before taking hold of his cock again, jerking smoothly and quickly.

It was going to be quick; Josh could feel that by the tightening of Kane's body against him, the jerky thrusts he made, the briskness of his hand on his cock.

Kane groaned his name loudly. He kept his mouth on Josh's, breathing heavily, thrusting hard until his movements slowed and he came to a stop, languorously kissing Josh's neck.

"Sorry," he whispered.

"What for?"

"For coming first."

"Like I care. What does it matter? I know you'll get me off."

"Damn right I will." Kane drew out of him. He slid beneath the covers. Josh trembled with excitement as Kane pushed his knee right up, scissoring his legs, spreading him open. A tongue probed his hole and Josh moaned out incoherently.

"Mmm," Kane said. "You're still so wet and open." He slid two fingers in, fucking Josh with them and while he did that, he sucked Josh's cock.

Josh writhed, his face buried into the pillow. Kane withdrew the fingers and tongued Josh thoroughly, saliva running onto his balls. He kept up the steady pressure until Josh was ready to blow his load and then he lifted his head, sliding back above the covers. Josh blinked, his climax hovering, his need all-consuming.

Kane was ripping open another condom. He grinned at Josh and then he pushed him flat to the bed, his legs wide apart, before he thrust into him.

Josh thought he would scream in pleasure. He buried his face into the pillow as Kane used him mercilessly. His orgasm spilled over him like white heat. He trembled violently beneath Kane but Kane didn't stop. He carried on thrusting and with each movement, Josh's cock slid into the pool of semen he had made on the sheets beneath him. The warm lubrication made him stiffen again effortlessly and he thrust against the bed, pushing back against Kane. He imagined wildly that there were three of them making a train, that he was buried in a tight ass and someone was buried in his. It was Kane he saw below him, the dark head buried in the pillow as Josh plundered him.

"I want to fuck you," he gasped out. "Oh God, I want to be inside you so much."

Kane didn't pause. He bit at Josh's neck and then tongued it lightly. "We'll see."

Josh bucked against the wet sheets helplessly. He saw himself breaching Kane's tight ass with the captain crying out for more and he came for the second time.

Kane gripped his shoulders. He fucked Josh with his full weight for another few seconds, before he finished, tumbling down on top of him.

Smothered, Josh thought he had died and gone to heaven.

They clambered wearily into the shower. Kane soaped Josh lightly between his legs, fingers lingering, his cock, unbelievably, hard for the third time.

Josh sank to his knees and took it in his mouth. His fingers strayed to the place he was most interested in knowing.

"Are you going to let me fuck you?" he asked, looking up.

Kane didn't reply for a moment. His hand raked through Josh's wet hair. Finally he said, "Come to my cabin tonight after dinner."

Josh smiled. He pressed his fingertip lightly against Kane's entrance and his lover shuddered.

He'd give the captain something to remember.

Chapter Thirteen

They docked at Heraklion port in Crete just after dinner that evening. Josh had been in a lather of excitement all day. He could think of nothing other than possessing Kane that night.

Freddie and Erik had heard the commotion from his cabin in the early hours and congratulated Josh on once more seducing the captain, but Josh kept his plans for Kane to himself. He would wait until he had sealed the deal before he bragged to his friends about how he had made Kane come his brains out while he was inside him.

He prayed that taking Kane would go well. Kane clearly wasn't as used to it, so having him might be painful, difficult and awkward, lacking the same passion as when Kane was taking Josh. Still, it didn't dampen Josh's anticipation. Not for one moment.

* * * *

There was no sign of the captain at dinner. Perhaps he was preparing himself mentally to be pillaged. Josh grinned to himself.

He knocked at Kane's door at eight-thirty. The door swung open. Kane wore a robe. That was what Josh liked to see. And when he followed Kane into the bedroom, he saw he was prepared too. Condoms and lube lay on the bedside table along with the massage oil and the glass dildo. Candles were lit, bathing the room in a sensual glow.

Kane discarded his robe. He was half-hard. He climbed onto the bed and lay down, legs apart. Josh undressed without taking his eyes off him. He took the lube off the table and lay it on the pillow by Kane's head. Then he leant down and kissed him.

Kane wrapped an arm around his back, pulling Josh down onto his body. They rolled across the bed, kissing passionately, rubbing themselves against each other. Kane tasted of brandy. Perhaps he'd needed something to fortify himself before giving himself up to Josh.

Josh sat astride Kane's hips and trailed his hands lightly over Kane's muscular chest before he bent his head to lick one nipple.

Kane undulated beneath him. Josh sucked the rosy peak into his mouth, leaving it stiff and gleaming with saliva. He kissed down Kane's washboard stomach to his groin, nuzzling in the neatly clipped hair, licking the tip of his cock.

He glanced up at Kane. "When was the last time you were fucked?"

"I don't remember." Kane's pupils were large with lust, his lips kiss-swollen.

"I can't stop thinking about being inside you."

Kane bit his lip. Without speaking, he turned over and presented himself on all fours. "Why don't you have a look at what I'm offering?" he said over his shoulder.

Josh groaned. "You dirty boy."

"You better believe it. You better fuck me good and proper, Josh."

"I will, you can count on that." *If I last that long*, he thought, looking down at his straining cock. He ran his hands over Kane's buttocks before he spread them apart, looking at the tight rosebud.

With heart beating fast with arousal, he bent his head and feathered his tongue lightly over the puckered hole. Kane caught his breath, his entrance twitching and pulsing. Josh squeezed some lube onto one finger. He spread Kane apart again and rubbed him slowly with his wet finger.

He waited patiently until this clearly excited Kane, until Kane swayed back against him and his entrance slowly relaxed to the teasing pressure. Josh's finger slid inside and Kane cursed under his breath.

"Do you like that?"

"Yes."

"Did you get the dildo out because you want me to fuck you with it?"

"Yes."

Josh squeezed Kane's buttock, then bent his head and tongued Kane's balls, sucking slowly while he fucked him with that one finger. Kane groaned and shifted below him. Josh bent Kane's cock between his legs and sucked on it. Having Kane in his mouth made Josh's ass throb with need. Perhaps they could take turns on that dildo.

"You know, your cock is so big, you could probably fuck yourself with it." Josh had seen videos on the Internet. Guys fucking themselves until they'd come in their own asses.

"I haven't tried," Kane replied with amusement. "I can blow myself though."

Josh paused in his actions. "You can?"

"Yes."

"Would you show me?"

Kane laughed self-consciously. "If you like."

"I like."

Josh scrambled away to make room. Kane turned over on his back. He gathered his legs over his head, his knees by his shoulders and bent his head to his groin. He wasn't lying. He put out his tongue and licked the head of his own cock.

Josh stared. He knelt by Kane's spread backside, fingering his wet entrance as he watched.

Kane opened his mouth and took the head of his own cock inside. He bobbed up and down on it and Josh almost combusted with excitement. Which man hadn't tried to do this to himself? Josh had and had failed miserably.

Josh slowly finger-fucked Kane as he sucked himself off. Josh reached for the lube and coated a second finger, easing it in. Kane groaned, opening easily.

Josh leaned over for the glass dildo. "I'd love to watch you make yourself come while I fuck you with this."

Kane took his mouth away from himself a moment. He was flushed with arousal and clearly got off on Josh watching him do this. "I can't promise I'll swallow," he said with a grin.

Josh shook his head. "*I'll* swallow. Count on that." He lubricated the dildo.

Kane ran his tongue delicately around the head of his own cock, delving into the leaking slit. Josh touched himself as Kane took his cock in his mouth, groaning at the pleasure he was giving himself.

Josh pushed the dildo into Kane's ass. Kane jolted, gasping around his cock, saliva dribbling down it. "Come on," Josh whispered, gaze alternating between watching Kane's mouth on his own cock and watching his ass greedily swallowing the dildo. "That's it. Let me see you come, Kane."

Kane pulled his mouth away from himself. His chest heaved and he panted for breath, moaning with every slide of the dildo into him. Josh leant forward. He licked Kane's cock, his tongue tangling with Kane's as his lover did the same. He slid down Kane's shaft, licking to his balls where he sucked while he looked up and saw Kane sucking his cock once more.

If I could do this, Josh thought, *I would probably never leave the house.* No wonder Kane didn't mind being at sea eight months of the year.

He continued the smooth, firm strokes with the dildo. He dragged his lips

up Kane's cock and met his lover's mouth at the top. They kissed, their tongues battling before Josh slid back down. He licked at Kane's balls again, left his perineum wet and then slowly circled his entrance while he fucked it with the dildo.

Kane started to become loud. He sucked his own cock feverishly and his hand grabbed at Josh's, making it move harder and faster on the dildo. "Fuck, I'm going to come, Josh."

Josh kissed Kane's cock, took him hard. He sucked Kane and fucked him with the dildo until Kane exploded with a cry that rattled the walls. Josh's mouth was full. He swallowed, lifted his head, watched as the semen continued to dribble from Kane's cock. Gasping, Kane bent his head and ran his tongue over the slit, collecting a taste.

Moaning in desperation, Josh sat up. He guided his cock into Kane's mouth and Kane sucked eagerly. As he did, he put his hand back over Josh's, encouraging him to keep fucking him with the dildo. Josh did so and Kane moaned around his cock until the vibrations made Josh shoot his load.

He grasped Kane's head, pumping into his throat, shaking with release. Kane swallowed it all.

He lay back and the dildo slipped from his ass as he put his legs down, stretching out.

"Fuck, Josh, you've killed me."

"I wish I could have filmed that." Josh lay next to him. "How come you never became a porn star?"

Kane turned his head and smiled. "You know how to stroke my ego."

"And your prostate."

They lay in silence a moment.

"You know I haven't technically fucked you yet," Josh said.

"I know."

"So tell me when you're ready."

Kane gestured to his groin. He was already hard again. "I'm ready."

Josh groaned. He fondled himself, pulling, feeling the rush of blood back to his cock.

He reached for the lube and then pushed Kane's knees up and apart, kneeling between them. Kane was still wet but Josh lubricated him further. He tore open a condom and rolled it on, lubricating that too and then sat looking at Kane, on the edge of possibly the most exciting moment of his life.

Kane smiled up at him. "Come on then, big boy."

With a groan of excitement, Josh guided his cock between Kane's buttocks. Kane lifted his legs and wrapped them around Josh, who bent forward to kiss him as he slid inside.

Kane's hands grasped his back hard. "Fuck."

"Are you okay?"

"Yes." Kane panted into his mouth. "God."

Josh lay still a moment with velvet soft insides clenching him like heaven, as perfect as he'd imagined in all his fantasies. Kane trembled below him. As Josh withdrew and pushed in deeper, all the way to the balls, he looked down at the captain.

Kane was flushed, his mouth parted, his chest heaving. In ecstasy he was utterly, heart-stoppingly beautiful. Josh wanted to shout out his adoration. He kissed Kane fiercely and Kane clung to him with all four limbs, moving his pelvis to meet Josh, returning his kiss with passion.

"Oh God, oh God," Josh cried. "I love you."

Shit. That wasn't part of the script. But Kane didn't seem to notice because he was coming violently, spurting over his chest before Josh could even touch him, squeezing Josh's cock in a vice so Josh exploded. He fell onto Kane and his lover held him hard.

* * * *

The silence stretched on while they curled against each other, touching and kissing.

"You come quickly when you're getting fucked," Josh finally remarked.

"Yes, I do. Guess I couldn't complain about you after all."

"No. I didn't think you'd like it so much."

"Depends who's doing it. You could do pretty much anything to me and I'd come my brains out. And for the record, I never sucked myself off in front of anyone either. You make me utterly shameless."

Josh nuzzled his nose. "That was the hottest thing I've ever seen in my life. I would have loved to see you get a mouthful of your own come."

"Are there no limits to the depths of your depravity?"

"No."

"Good."

"There's only one more thing I'd like to do with you."

"What's that?"

“For you to fuck me bareback so I can feel your come running out of me after.”

Kane shook his head. “That’s one fantasy that’ll have to remain that way.”

“I know.”

Kane stroked his cheek. “You have to have at least something forbidden. Something you can think about to get you off.”

Josh smiled. “Yeah.”

“Would you like a glass of wine?”

Josh nodded. Kane climbed from the bed and walked out naked into the living room where an ice bucket stood. He brought it back and propped it on the dressing table before pouring two glasses.

They drank together and Josh made a silent toast. *To Captain Kane Kessler. The greatest piece of ass I’ll ever have in my life.*

They drank the wine in bed and watched TV, intermittently kissing and caressing, not speaking. Josh waited for Kane to mention his appalling slip of the tongue during the sex but he did not. Was he going to sweep it under the carpet and pretend he hadn’t heard Josh declare his love? It was probably best if he did.

* * * *

Josh stayed in the captain’s cabin until sunrise. As they stood kissing at the door, Kane’s hands and mouth aroused Josh instantly. Kane pushed him against the wall. He took him there, Josh scrabbling at it, crying out with each thrust into his depths.

Chapter Fourteen

Freddie and Erik found Josh under an umbrella by the pool later that morning.

“You look like the cat that got the cream,” Freddie remarked.

“I most definitely got the cream,” Josh said. He was pleasantly aching, every muscle sore.

Freddie tittered. “I swear to God you’ve been laid more than me this holiday, Josh.” He glanced at his partner. “You’re going to have to do something about that, Erik.

“Yes, sir.” Erik squeezed his knee reassuringly.

“That’s more like it. Can you believe we haven’t even done it in some obscene public place yet?”

Josh shook his head. “Your standards are slipping.”

“I know.”

“You did do it on your balcony, though.”

“That doesn’t count.”

Josh thought about being tethered to the metal post in the engine room. That counted as a public place. He’d have to make sure Kane did him somewhere else risqué, as a going away present. He smiled to himself.

* * * *

The three of them went out to Crete, taking in the beach at Malia. Freddie and Erik eyed all the men in shorts, giving their packages marks out of ten. One bronzed guy, with a hairy chest and muscular body, wore a pair of eye-popping green Speedos. Erik and Freddie were quick to invite him over. The stranger, a local named Spiros, sat on the edge of Freddie’s towel chatting.

Freddie flirted shamelessly with him. His toes lightly rubbed against Spiros’ knee. Josh couldn’t take his eyes off the spectacle. Wasn’t Erik going to say anything? But Spiros had his hand on Erik’s foot and was stroking his toes.

Christ on a bike.

Josh couldn’t help but notice the growing bulge in Spiros’ Speedos and the little wet patch at the front. He glanced around but no one was paying them any

attention. He pretended not to notice when Freddie reached in his bag and pulled rubbers and lube out, tucking them into the pocket of his shorts.

“We’re going for a walk to those rocks,” he told Josh, standing up. “You coming?”

Josh almost gulped. It was the clearest invitation into a foursome he had ever heard. “N-no.”

“Okay, won’t be long.”

Josh watched the three walk away down the long stretch of golden sand. He lay back on his towel and took some deep breaths, willing away his arousal. It was no good.

He got up and walked along the sand, following his friends around the corner of the headland and into the rocks.

Freddie was getting spit-roasted. He was bent over a rock by Spiros and sucking Erik’s cock, looking like he was having the time of his life. Josh hid behind some rocks, lying flat, peering around. He was so hard he could barely control himself. He thought of walking into the ménage, asking which man wanted him and then taking all three men one after the other. He jammed his hand down his shorts, jerking off furiously.

Freddie moaned like a two-bit whore around Erik’s cock. Spiros grunted with each thrust into Freddie’s depths and jerked him off.

Sea water pooled around Josh’s ankles. He imagined lying in the foaming waves while Kane fucked him and he groaned helplessly. He looked again, concentrated on watching Spiros’ dick pounding Freddie’s ass and he put his hand over his mouth as he came.

* * * *

“Did you watch us this afternoon?” Freddie asked at dinner. They had just set sail for Cyprus.

Josh almost choked on his wine. “I...”

“That’s a yes then. Did it get you off?”

Josh lowered his furiously flushing gaze, nodding.

“Good lad.” Freddie cackled. “Spiros wanted your ass, you know. I told him it belonged to the captain.”

A shadow fell over their table. “Ah, Captain, we were just talking about you.” Freddie grinned up at Kane.

Kane looked knowingly at Josh. He wore his uniform. “May I join you

gentlemen for dinner?”

“Certainly,” Josh said and Kane pulled out the chair opposite.

They stared at each other all the way through dinner. When Kane left, Josh waited ten minutes before climbing to the top deck and knocking on his cabin door.

Kane answered, holding a glass of wine. “Come in. Like a drink?”

Josh accepted a glass and sipped while watching Kane. The arousal hummed relentlessly in his veins.

“So, who wanted your ass this afternoon?” Kane asked.

“A Greek guy called Spiros,” Josh replied. “Freddie and Erik had a threeway with him.”

“I see. Did you watch?”

“Yes.”

“Did you join in?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“I was saving myself,” Josh said with a coy smile.

“Really?” Kane moved closer. He nuzzled Josh’s neck, making him shiver.

“Yes.”

“You didn’t have to do that. You can have anyone you want.”

Josh shook his head. He looked up into Kane’s grey eyes. “I only want to be your man, nobody else’s.”

Kane looked away. “Look...” he paced the living room. “What you said last night...”

“A mistake,” Josh said hurriedly. “I didn’t know what I was saying.”

Kane regarded him sceptically. “Are you sure that’s all it was?”

“Yes.”

“Because...”

“What?”

“Shit, Josh, I don’t want to hurt you. I carried this on against my better judgement.”

He cupped Josh’s head, stroking his hair.

“I know. And I’m grateful. I’ll be grateful too you when you’re gone.”

“What for?”

“For...making me believe in myself again.” Josh’s mouth trembled. He was consumed by emotion.

Kane sighed. “Come here.” He took Josh in his arms.

Their lovemaking was unhurried, Josh on his back below Kane, Kane's mouth on his as he moved slowly inside him. As Josh lay there in the afterglow, he knew that time slipped fast away. That soon all this would be nothing but a memory.

* * * *

They docked at Limassol, Cyprus, in the afternoon, their final two-night stop before sailing back to Rhodes. Josh had been here before. He remembered the golden beaches at Ayia Napa, the local boy he'd had a crush on.

The trio ate an early dinner in a restaurant overlooking the sea and Josh drank ouzo while he drowned in memories. Freddie handed over a folded piece of paper. "Our address, for when you want to visit lovely Des Moines. And my email and cell."

"Thanks." Josh was touched. He borrowed a pen and paper from the staff and wrote down his contact info, trying to imagine flamboyant Freddie and taciturn Erik in Anchorage. He grinned.

"Promise us you won't be too broken-hearted when you go home," Erik said earnestly.

Josh shook his head. "I won't," he lied.

* * * *

They stayed out late, drinking and dancing in a bar where the bartender poured alcohol on the bar and set it on fire. All three were drunk, holding each other up as they staggered back to the ship. Josh said goodnight and went to his cabin. He wanted to go up to Kane's cabin but didn't dare in this state. Kane didn't particularly like him drunk, and Josh was likely to get emotional and start declaring his love again. It was a wasted opportunity but he stayed alone in bed, promising himself he would make up for lost time tomorrow.

* * * *

In the morning the three of them caught a glass-bottomed boat from the harbour. They dove off the boat and swam in the warm, crystal-blue water. This was their final day, and Josh couldn't avoid a sense of melancholy. In the

morning, the ship would leave for Rhodes, docking there in the evening for their flights home.

They sunbathed on the beach before they went back to the ship to shower and change for dinner. They ate in the dining room, but saw no sign of Kane, much to Josh's disappointment. Freddie and Erik wanted to go out for drinks but Josh hesitated. He wanted to ask Kane along. Eventually he stayed behind. He wandered the ship, looking for the captain, becoming progressively more uneasy while the last night onboard slipped away.

He went up to Kane's cabin but there was no answer when he knocked. He guessed Kane must be up on the bridge but he didn't dare go looking. He stood outside Kane's cabin for a while, alone on the secluded deck, looking out at the lights over Cyprus.

"Hey, you."

Josh turned around and threw himself into Kane's arms.

Kane held him close. "Mmm, I missed you last night."

"I'm sorry, I was drunk. I didn't think I should turn up like that."

"I'll take you any way I can get you, baby." Kane squeezed him. "Never mind, you're here now. What do you want to do on your last night?"

"Will you walk on the beach with me?"

"Of course. Let me go inside and get changed first."

Josh waited patiently outside while Kane changed his uniform for linen pants and shirt.

They left the ship, saying nothing as they walked along the dock and into the town. Josh led Kane down to the beach. He took his shoes and socks off so he could feel the velvet sand between his toes and Kane followed suit. They walked along until they came to a stack of sunbeds, an area of seclusion. They sat down behind them.

Waves softly broke on the shore, the tide coming in as they kissed. Kane's hands were warm as he unfastened Josh's shirt and pushed it off his shoulders. His fingers smoothed down Josh's back. He lay on the sand, pulling Josh on top of him.

Josh kissed him fervently. He pressed against the bulge in Kane's pants with his thigh and was rewarded with Kane grinding against him.

Kane opened Josh's pants and cupped his buttocks, fingers delving between them.

Josh panted for breath. "Fuck me, please fuck me Kane."

"What's the rush?" Kane asked from beneath him, hand caressing Josh's

balls through his boxers.

“I need you inside me.”

“You always need me inside you.”

“I know. I can’t help it. Perhaps we could get a mould of your dick taken so I can take it home with me.”

Kane laughed. He reached into his pocket. He squirted lube on his fingers, slid them down the back of Josh’s pants again and located his entrance, pushing inside.

Josh cursed. He sat back on his heels, pushing down.

Kane’s other hand rubbed the bulge in his boxers, teasing the head of his cock so a wet spot bloomed on the thin material. Josh pulled down his pants and boxers. He masturbated while Kane watched.

“That’s nice.”

“Not as nice as you sucking yourself off.”

“You’ll never forget that, will you?”

“No.”

Kane pressed against his prostate. Josh jumped as though electrocuted. He leant back, riding Kane’s fingers, jerking himself off swiftly.

Kane pulled his shirt open. He unfastened his pants to free himself, rolling on a condom. Josh whimpered with need. He turned around, his back to Kane, who sat up, holding him hard around the chest as Josh sank down on him.

It was the perfect position for Kane to hold him and jerk him off at the same time. His lover mouthed Josh’s neck as he thrust up into him and Josh leant back, riding, feeling the shock waves with every movement.

He thought of that forbidden fantasy. Of Kane creaming his ass, spreading it afterwards to watch as the semen ran out of him. Perhaps tasting with his tongue. He gasped, moving faster, harder and Kane held on tighter, grunting against his neck.

“Please, please, don’t stop...”

Josh felt something beneath him. Kane’s hand, a wet finger sliding into Josh’s ass alongside his cock. He squealed in shock and another joined it, fucking him until he was so full he could barely move.

“Do you like that?” Kane’s breath was hot against his ear.

“Yes...yes...God...Kane...”

“Shame I didn’t bring the dildo.”

“Oh, fuck.”

“You’re shameless.”

“I know, you make me that way. Oh God, please Kane, please...”

“Let me feel it.” Kane’s hand closed around his cock.

Josh bucked as the waves washed over him. He ground down on Kane, crying out, spurting into the air, the orgasm shaking him powerfully. Kane thrust hard into him. He groaned out, mouth against Josh’s neck.

“I won’t forget you, Josh. Never.”

They lay there in the aftermath for the longest time, faces close and limbs entwined, kissing. Josh felt Kane’s powerful body under his hands and tried to imprint every curve on to his memory.

They dressed in silence and walked hand in hand back up the beach. As they reached the road, Kane pulled his hand away.

They made it back to the ship. “Do you want to stay with me tonight?” It didn’t even need to be asked. Josh acquiesced wordlessly and they went up to Kane’s cabin.

He poured them some wine. “We’re leaving at eight tomorrow. I need to be up on the bridge for seven.”

They sat facing each other in the living room. Kane pushed a pen and a notepad across the coffee table. “Why don’t you write your address down, in case I want to see the snow?”

Josh’s heart seemed to stutter to a halt. He hardly dared hope. He searched Kane’s grey eyes. “Don’t take it if you...” he stopped, aware he sounded desperate, his throat tight.

Kane got up. He knelt before Josh, hand on his knee. “Listen to me. I’m not going to make you any promises. I can’t. If you want to leave it, then leave it. If you don’t, then that’s up to you.”

Kane made it sound like it would be completely okay if Josh chose *not* to leave his address. He sat back in his seat, ignoring the paper, face turned away.

“Don’t.” Kane’s hand swept over his cheek. “You know the score. You’ve always known the score. Don’t try to make anything more out of this when it’s impossible.”

The silence in the cabin was absolute.

“Come on.” Kane got up and pulled Josh to his feet. “Let’s go to bed.”

Chapter Fifteen

Josh was awoken by a pressure between his legs, a wetness in his groin. He blinked, lifting the covers to find Kane beneath them, sucking his stiffening cock.

He groaned. "What are you doing?"

"Giving you a goodbye present."

"What time is it?"

"Six-thirty." Kane tongued his balls.

"Nobody ever woke me up with a blowjob before."

"You haven't lived."

Kane stopped what he was doing to open the lube. Josh squinted in the dark at some light object before he realised.

"Open your legs."

Josh did as he was told and Kane pushed the glass dildo into him.

"Oh my God." Josh writhed as Kane's lips enclosed his cock, his mouth wet and wicked. Pleasure consumed him with shocking swiftness, as it always did. He couldn't breathe with it. He panted Kane's name, holding him by the hair, pressing down on the dildo as his insides spasmed with release.

Kane swallowed. He lifted his head and licked at Josh's cock. "I'm going to make you a present of that dildo."

"That's very kind of you."

"My pleasure. Think of me when you use it."

"I will."

"I have to get ready." Kane kissed him and rolled out of bed.

Josh lay for a while in the darkness, light shining across the bed from the bathroom. He heard the water running as Kane showered. Then water ran in the sink and small scraping noises reached his ears.

Josh walked naked into the bathroom. Kane stood at the sink with a towel around his waist, shaving.

"Kane..." Josh dropped a kiss on one muscular shoulder.

"Mmm?"

"I really, really want to eat your ass."

Kane groaned. "Josh, I have to..." His voice trailed off as Josh dropped to his knees, pulling off the towel.

* * * *

Josh lay in bed watching Kane fasten his tunic. His lover regarded him a moment. "What time do you fly tonight?"

"Eleven."

"So you'll be at the airport at nine?"

Josh nodded.

"I'll meet you there."

Josh stared. "You don't have to."

"I want to. I'm not sure if I'll get the chance to see you later today. I'll definitely see you there."

Josh swallowed. He nodded wordlessly.

Kane sat on the bed. He embraced Josh and held him close for a long moment, stroking his head. Josh kept his eyes closed. He inhaled the familiar scent of the captain for the last time.

Kane stood up. He bent and kissed Josh. "So I'll see you later?"

"Yes."

Kane put his hat on. "Stay here as long as you want. It's fine."

"Thank you."

"Bye."

"Bye, Kane."

The captain walked to the door. He opened it and turned a moment, silhouetted in the doorway by the lights on deck. He pulled it closed and darkness descended.

* * * *

Kane didn't return to his cabin until late afternoon. He rather hoped Josh would still be lying naked in his bed but no, the bed was neatly made and the glass dildo was gone.

He tossed his hat onto the couch. Something on the coffee table caught his eye. Bold writing on the notepad. Josh had written his address after all. Kane sat and stared at the paper for the longest time.

* * * *

Once they were docked in Rhodes, Freddie, Erik and Josh stowed their luggage in the waiting coaches and went into the town for dinner.

Josh was maudlin, so Erik and Freddie tried to cheer him up. They sank a few drinks, took a walk around the Old Town, then returned to the dock to travel separately to the airport.

Freddie and Erik hugged him hard, made Josh promise to write and visit. Made him promise not to break his heart over Kane. Like he could ever keep that one.

Josh climbed onto his coach and watched the ship's lights disappear into the distance.

It was *de rigueur* to drive like a maniac in Greece and the coach driver was no exception. Josh hung onto his seat as they headed for the airport.

He didn't expect Kane to come. He was a busy man; Josh was sure his duties hadn't ended just because the ship had docked for the final time. And besides, why did Kane want to? Wouldn't he know Josh would cry and make a spectacle of himself? Of course he would. Kane would want to avoid that at all costs. No way would he come.

Josh had no contact details for him. Had not dared to ask. Kane had made it clear who did the chasing when he was involved with a passenger. If you wanted to wait until he turned up on your doorstep, that was fine. No way would you turn up on his.

If Kane didn't come today, Josh would never see him again as long as he lived.

He descended the coach steps with misery wedged in his throat and scanned the faces of those milling around outside the airport. It was after nine, so if Kane was coming he would be here.

Josh trudged inside, pulling his suitcase. He put it through an X-ray machine, then lined up to check in. He was desolate but he had only himself to blame. Kane had been a fling. Nothing but a fling that lasted two weeks. This time next summer, he wouldn't even remember Josh's name.

Check-in took an hour. Josh's bag was finally stowed and he turned, holding his passport and boarding card.

Sitting at the back of the departure hall near the door was Kane.

Josh's eyes stung uncontrollably with tears as Kane stood, smiling. He had to fight with himself not to throw himself into Kane's arms in front of all these people. He walked over on shaking legs.

“You came.”

“Sure. I said I would.” Kane seemed far too calm. He glanced around. “Why don’t we go to the bathroom so I can kiss you goodbye?”

Josh gulped and followed Kane, who opened the door to the bathroom and held it for Josh. There was a man inside washing his hands. Kane went to the mirror and looked at himself, combing his fingers through his hair. Josh loitered a moment and then went to the sink too and started washing his hands, waiting.

The man finally left and after the door clicked shut, Kane grabbed Josh by the shirt and dragged him into a cubicle where he slammed and locked the door.

He thrust Josh against the wall. Then Josh was in his lover’s arms, kissing him passionately, exchanging tongues and breath...and every bit of adoration Josh felt for Kane.

Kane pulled back. He gripped Josh’s face in his hands and stared into his eyes. “Don’t you cry. Don’t you fucking dare.” His voice was like steel.

Josh’s lip trembled. No words he could say at that moment would ever be enough. The fact that Kane seemed angry rather than distressed pierced his heart like shards of glass.

He put his hands up and touched Kane’s face in turn. They kissed again, long and deep.

Kane pulled away. He unlocked the door and pulled it open. Then he gave Josh a little shove. “Walk out of here and don’t look back. Go straight to your gate. I mean it.”

Josh stepped out of the cubicle. Tears blurred his vision. He reached for Kane’s hand, squeezed it and let go.

He turned and hauled himself out of the bathroom.

Back in the bathroom, Kane went back inside his cubicle, locked the door and put the lid down on the toilet so he could sit. As he looked at the floor, tears splashed upon it.

Chapter Sixteen

Josh returned to his life as a clerk at a law firm. Cool, misty Anchorage was a shock after the stifling heat but Josh welcomed it. Heat had never been his cup of tea. He was much more at home in Alaska.

For a few days he was sore after those last bouts of enthusiastic lovemaking with Kane. The aches faded, along with his piss-poor tan and his mosquito bites.

His memories didn't fade. Sometimes he woke early in the morning imagining he felt skin pressed to his, a mouth against his neck. Sometimes he heard a soft voice calling Josh his angel.

The time passed and summer faded too, darkness starting to overtake the around-the-clock summer light of the far north.

Freddie and Erik wrote. They invited him for Christmas and Josh, surprised and touched, accepted.

Josh began to understand Kane for what he was and for what their time together had been. Kane wouldn't come calling even if Josh could wish him there with the fervency of his desire. It had been the most intense affair of his life but that was all it had been. An affair. A summer romance. Another passenger to add to Kane's list.

* * * *

Autumn began to blend into winter. Josh started to read *Prospero's Cell* by Lawrence Durrell. He emailed Erik to tell him how much he was enjoying it.

On a bleak, snowy night in November, Josh returned home from work at six, carrying a bag containing a bottle of wine and a microwave meal. As he pulled into his drive, his headlights illuminated a tall figure in a long, dark coat standing in the shelter of the porch.

Josh frowned. Jehovah's Witness? No, he didn't carry a briefcase although there was a bag set next to him. Salesman? His wares could be in the bag. Either way, Josh didn't have time for them.

He got out of his car and slammed the door. His greeting words of *no thank you* died on his lips as the stranger turned around.

"Colder than a witch's tit here, Josh. You might have warned me."

Josh threw himself up the steps and into Kane's arms.

Kane laughed, stumbling back, catching Josh fiercely. "Are you pleased to see me then, my angel?"

"You have no idea." Josh kissed him and Kane let out a soft moan of such pleasure that Josh was struck dumb. Kane did feel the same, he was sure of it. Why else would he be here?

They kissed on the porch until Kane drew Josh's head against his shoulder and held him close, stroking his head with a gloved hand.

"How long are you staying?"

"Well, let's see...my calendar is free until March. I haven't brought enough underwear to last me that long although I'm sure I could buy some."

"Alternatively you could not wear any."

"There is that. You haven't changed. Trying to get me into bed already?"

"You look tired after your trip."

"I am."

"Come on then." Josh unlocked the door. He reached back for Kane with a trembling hand and pulled him over the threshold and into his arms.

About the Author

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